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Edited by Sir John Hammerton

SIXPENCE JULY 9, 1943

MR. CHURCHILL GIVES THE V-SIGN to cheering members of the ship's crew as he walks down the gangway of the vessel that took him to America. The Prime Minister returned to this country on June 5, 1943, after nearly a month's tour that took him to Washington, Gibraltar, Algiers, and Tunis. "Brighter and solid prospects lie before us," declared Mr. Churchill in his address to Parliament on June 8.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

THE BATTLE FRONTS

by Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles Gwynn, K.C.B., D.S.O.

WITH the exception of the capture of Pantelleria, the implications of which are discussed below, no event of outstanding importance took place in the period under review (June 6 to 20, 1943). There was even a slight lull in the air attacks on the German industries and on Italian targets.

That the Allies did not follow up the victory in Tunisia as quickly as was popularly expected was presumably due partly to the necessity of reorganization and partly to the complexity of the preparations for any great amphibious enterprise. There may also have been a modification of plans influenced by the unexpected suddenness of the Tunisian victory and to greater quantities of shipping becoming available owing to the marked improvement in the war against the U-boats.

By this time last year all the enemy's preliminary operations were either complete or well under way, though his major thrust on the Kursk front was not delivered till June 28. The lateness of that date no doubt contributed to his ultimate undoing ; and if he intends to take the offensive in Russia again it is not clear why he delays Is it because he wishes to be certain as regards the strength and direction of the blows of the Western Allies before committing himself ?

The period has been marked by an increase in the number and weight of local engagements in Russia, in which the Russians seem as a rule to have taken the initiative, with the Germans counter-attacking fiercely where they have lost ground, particularly at Mtsensk in the Orel salient. But on the whole there has been no change in the Russian situation since I last wrote.

OREL FRONT. On or about June 14, 1943 the Russians recaptured Mtsensk, N.E. of Orel, and German counter-attacks failed to dislodge the Red Army from its gains. This map shows the fighting-line at June 17.
By courtesy of The Times

PANTELLERIA With the capture of Tunisia and the establishment of air superiority over the Sicilian Channel, the strategic importance of Pantelleria had largely disappeared. Its airfield could at any time be made practically unusable, and it could be closely blockaded by the Royal Navy. Its value as a base from which the Allied convoys might be attacked had therefore been lost, and its ultimate fate was hardly in doubt.

There were obvious reasons, however, why its immediate capture was advisable. Its airfield would provide a useful base for fighter aircraft protecting the passage of convoys from attacks made from other enemy bases, and for supporting amphibious enterprises or bombing attacks against western Sicily. Moreover, its capture would relieve the Navy and Air Forces of the task of neutralizing the island, and its harbour would be of use to naval light craft. Since the island was known to be heavily armed and had a substantial garrison, its capture by a landing might, however, prove costly, particularly as the beaches where it could be effected were few and restricted, giving no alternative points of attack. There were, therefore, good reasons for trying experimentally whether the island could be compelled or induced to surrender by a concentrated bombing attack, combined with naval bombardments and a strict blockade.

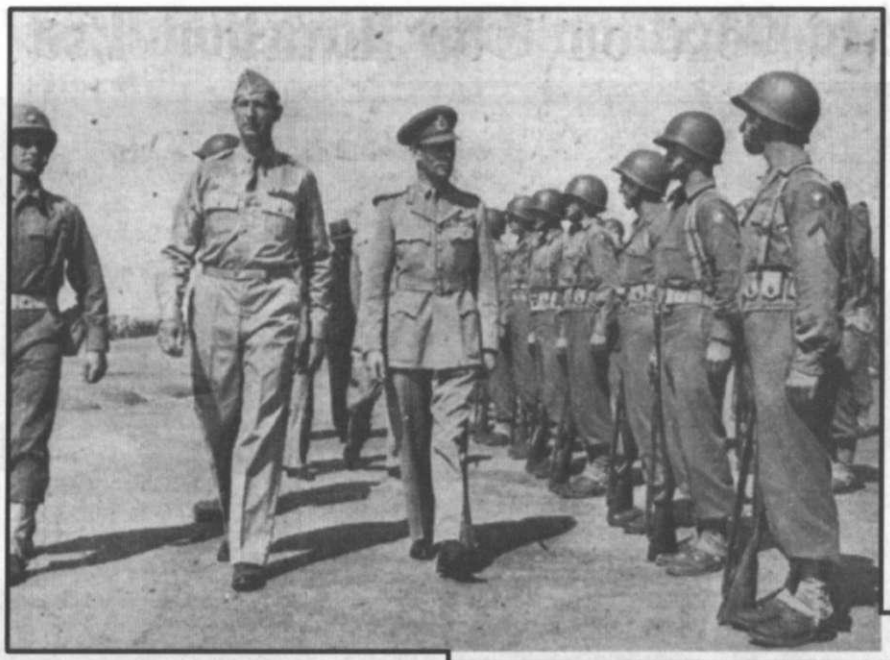
The readiness of German troops in Tunisia to surrender when they found themselves in a hopeless situation made it not improbable that the garrison of Pantelleria in an even more hopeless position would set a limit to the sacrifice it was prepared to make. The island during the Tunisian battle had experienced heavy bombing attacks, and an immense bombing force was now available to make a devastating attack on so small a target. The only question was whether stubborn endurance by the garrison might necessitate prolonging the experiment to an extent that would interfere with other developments of the Allied plans. It was believed to have ample food supplies and plenty of bomb-proof shelter.

Great as the effect of bombing would undoubtedly be on morale, it was calculated to induce rather than to compel surrender. To introduce the element of compulsion and a time factor, it was therefore intended to effect a landing, after the garrison had been softened by bombing and naval bombardment, should it still refuse to surrender.

The experiment proved entirely successful, with a minimum cost in lives and apparently without involving delays disturbing to plans. The garrison refused for a time to surrender ; but Mussolini, unlike Hitler, did not insist on a supreme sacrifice, and no doubt the Italian commander had already practically decided to give in, when the appearance of the invasion flotilla eliminated any hesitation he felt. The few shots fired did not indicate any strong determination to resist,

ALLIED TARGETS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. After the fall of Pantelleria on June 11, 1943, air attacks on Sardinia, Sicily, and the Italian mainland increased in violence. The Allied air offensive—a prelude to invasion—disrupted southern Italy's transport system. Key-points such as Spezia, Messina, Naples, Reggio di Calabria, and San Giovanni received shattering blows. Meanwhile, British submarines operated in enemy waters, and sank Axis shipping from the French Riviera to the Tyrrhenian Sea.

By courtesy of The Daily Telegraph



but they sufficed to show that a measure of resistance was still possible. (See page 70.)

The success of the methods adopted gave rise at first to a belief that this was what Mr. Churchill had in mind when recently he spoke of an "experiment worth trying," and that a new technique had been discovered for eliminating or reducing the difficulties and dangers of a landing in face of opposition. Actually, Mr. Churchill was referring, I think, to the strategic bombing of Germany as a possible method of forcing her to unconditional surrender; and that there was a widespread failure to realize that the methods employed would be inapplicable to most large-scale landings. It is, for instance, obvious that a prolonged bombing of a particular section of the enemy's coastline would give definite indication of the point selected for a landing, thus eliminating the element of uncertainty, which is one of the main advantages held by amphibious enterprises.

Nor would the prolonged concentrated bombing of a small section of the enemy's defences deprive him of power to bring up fresh troops and reserves for counter-attack: to meet which successfully is one of the main problems of a landing-force. Undoubtedly, heavy bombing would force the enemy's troops to take shelter, but even prolonged bombing might fail to destroy many of his well-protected weapons—which might then be remanned at a critical moment. Concentrated bombing at the moment of landing and in cooperation with subsequent attacks by the landed force would be, of course, of the utmost assistance—practically an essential. But its object would be to neutralize rather than to destroy the enemy's weapons. Prolonged preliminary bombing would be apt to be subject to the same objections and to produce the same disappointing results as the prolonged bombardments of the last war; which towards its end were superseded by short hurricane bombardments immediately preceding assault.

The bombing at Pantelleria was on the whole analogous to the reduction of a closely-besieged city by bombardment, and is rather a case of employing a new weapon than a new method.

Correspondents on the spot have been at pains to remove any early misapprehensions, and to emphasize the fact that a landing on an enemy coast remains a very formidable undertaking. In any case, the initial landing is only the first step towards the building up of an invading force adequate to conduct a long and heavily contested campaign.

THE KING VISITS N. AFRICA. After a 1,200-miles flight from Britain, his Majesty arrived in N. Africa on June 12, 1943. Above, he is greeted by (left to right): Gen. Eisenhower (behind the King), Air Chief-Marshal Tedder, Adm. Cunningham, and Mr. H. Macmillan. Top, the King with Gen. Clark inspects U.S. guard of honour. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

There were,, apart from these considerations, many interesting features about the operations which would seem to bear on the general situation.

Why did the Luftwaffe, from their numerous airfields in Sicily, make practically no serious attempt to interfere with our bombing aircraft? I think it must be presumed that it was considered that the attempt would prove too costly, and that it was deemed preferable to husband air strength rather than expend it in the defence of an island recognized to be in a hopeless position. It would be a mistake therefore to assume that little air opposition will be encountered in future operations. After the surrender the Luftwaffe did make various counter-attacks in order to interfere with the restoration of the airfield and harbour facilities (characteristically without any consideration for the unfortunate Italian prisoners awaiting evacuation). Such attacks would naturally have had some element of surprise and been much safer to carry out than attacks on bombers with fighter protection.

The failure of the Italian battle fleet to put in an appearance or to make any attempt to break the blockade of the island is not surprising in view of its past record. But there is something in the Italian argument that while the fleet remains in being it compels the Allies to retain a number of battleships in the Mediterranean; and that may be of more importance than the damage that might have been done them in an engagement.

It would be unwise to deduce, because the garrison of Pantelleria left their posts to take shelter and finally surrendered, that Italian troops would not display much determination in case of invasion under circumstances more favourable to defence. For one thing, the garrison was mainly composed of indifferent second-line troops; and in any case there was little object in manning defences, other than anti-aircraft weapons, except under immediate threat of a landing. In fact, keeping guns silent with a view to concealment till the critical moment is a course that has plenty of good precedents; and the fact that some of the troops did offer sporadic resistance on their own initiative tends to show that demoralization was not complete.

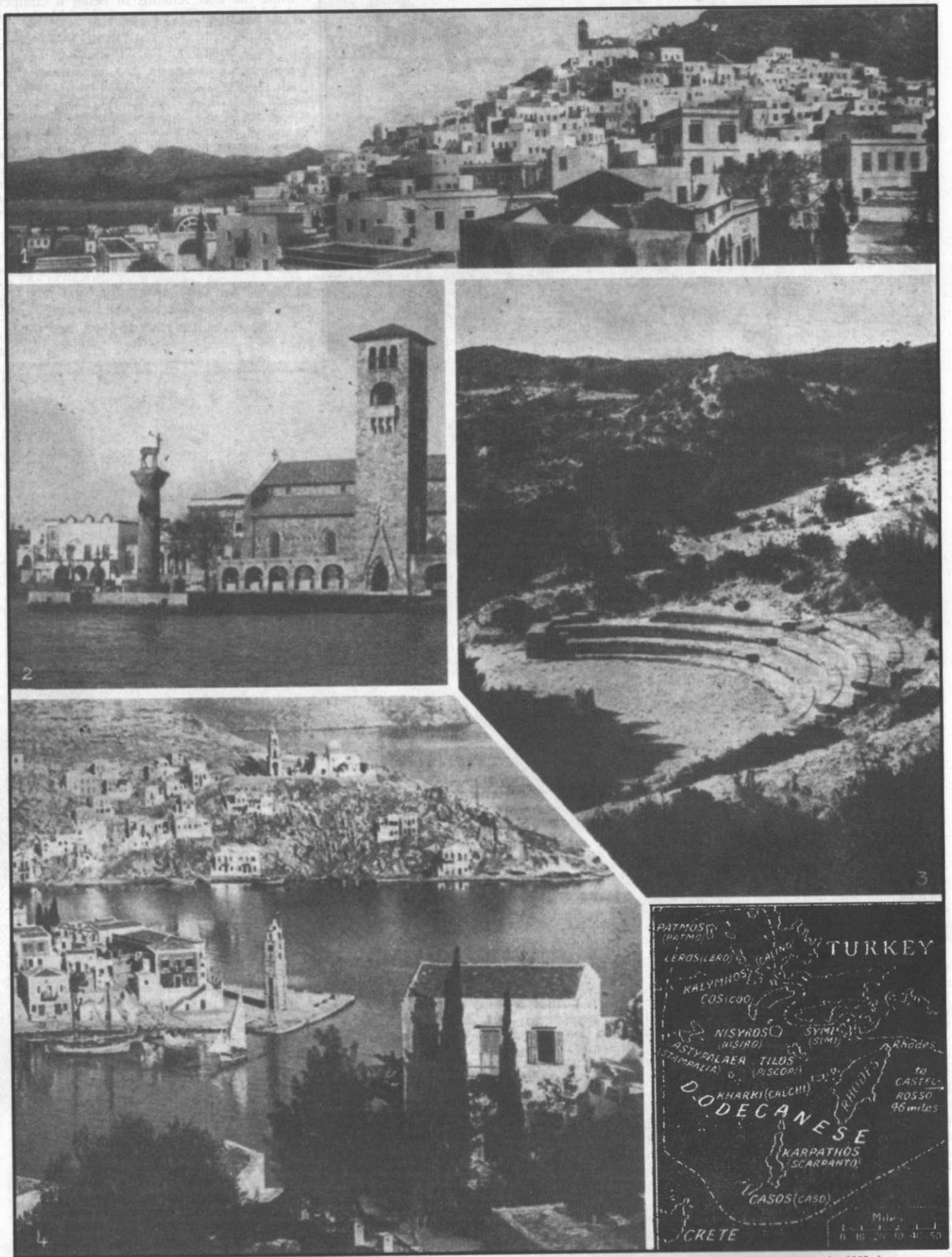
On the whole, it is wiser to look on Pantelleria as a unique episode. Lessons to be learnt from it are chiefly minor points affecting tactical technique.

FAR EAST Here also there has been an absence of outstanding incidents, and operations have been almost all confined to air and submarine activities. A heavy air attack made by the Japanese on Guadalcanal met with a striking reverse.

The Chinese counter-offensive on the Yangtse goes ahead, and Tojo's admission that the Japanese army is engaged in large-scale operations in China is interesting.

Mr. Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, has also made the very interesting statement that Australia may now be considered secure from danger of invasion. It may be remembered that not long ago he made a somewhat alarming appeal for reinforcements, and he is not suspected of being unduly optimistic. We may therefore conclude, I think, that substantial reinforcements have been received, and that the reorganization of Australian defences has been completed. It is even more reassuring that Mr. Curtin looks forward to Australia playing an important part in offensive operations to come.

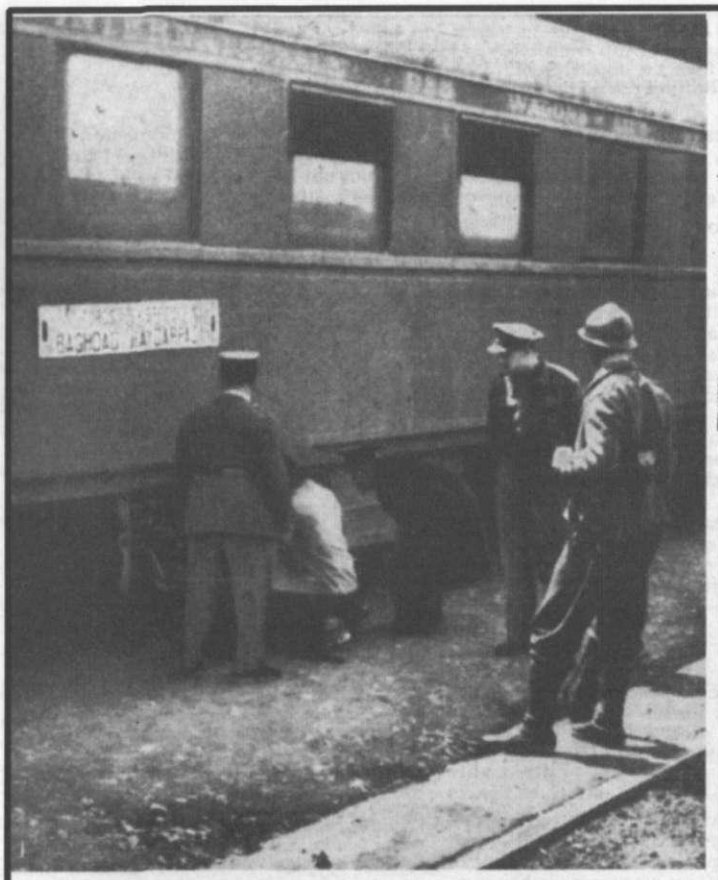
Maybe These Are Next on Our Invasion List



THE DODECANESE, twelve islands in the Eastern Mediterranean off the coast of Turkey, were first occupied by the Italians in 1912 (see pages 552-553, vol. 4). They were the scene of feverish counter-invasion preparations in June 1943. 1, Town of Leros on the island of the same name. 2, Rhodes harbour. 3, Ancient Greek theatre on the island of Cos. 4, The clock tower is a prominent feature of the harbour at Simi. The position of the island-group will be clear from the map.

Photos, E.N.A., Pictorial Press

Why Did We Close the Frontier With Turkey?



MYSTERY MOVES IN THE NEAR EAST. Following reports of Allied concentrations in Cyprus and Syria, the frontier between Turkey and Syria was temporarily closed on June 15, 1943. The Taurus Express, the one link between Axis and Allied countries, runs from Tripoli (Syria) to Ankara. 1, Officials search the train at the frontier. 2, British armoured car crews fraternize with Turkish soldiers at a border post. Map showing the position of frontier. 3, War supplies are handed over to Turkish troops at the frontier. *Photos, British Official. Map by courtesy of The Daily Telegraph*

Why the White Flag Went Up on Pantelleria

The fortress island of Pantelleria, compared by Axis propagandists with Gibraltar and Malta, surrendered to the Allies on June 11, 1943—the first instance in history of a heavily fortified territory of the greatest military value being forced to submit solely as the result of bombardment. The account that follows is mostly from the dispatches of ALEXANDER CLIFFORD, who represented the combined British Press on this historic occasion.

AFTER the occupation of Tunisia by the Allies, it was obviously Pantelleria's turn. The little island, of whose fortifications Mussolini had been wont to boast in the days before the War, lay in the very middle of the Sicilian Channel, blocking the free passage of the Allies' convoys. Everyone expected it to be attacked; almost everyone, even in Italy, expected it to fall. But few can have expected that it would be taken at the cost of some 40 airmen, who were in the 20 planes that the defenders were able to shoot down—20 out of hundreds.

Preliminary bombing of the island began on May 9, and each day that passed saw a stepping-up of the aerial and naval bombardment. One by one the little houses of Pantelleria village were pounded into dust. Jetties were smashed, roads blocked. A water-distilling plant was broken, and it became more and more difficult to distribute supplies. The 15,000 troops in the island—chiefly the Fifth Infantry Regiment and Fascist Militia—had to spend most of their time crowded into tunnels and trenches and the huge subterranean hangars on the airfield. The civilian population scattered to isolated houses on the hillsides.

By June 8, said Rome wireless, the island had had four naval bombardments and at least a hundred distinct air attacks, recently at the rate of 12 a day. But the answer of the admiral commanding the island and the garrison (Admiral Gino Pavesi) to a call for surrender contained in leaflets signed by General Spaatz (commander of the Allied North-West African Air Forces) could be imagined. "The stout defenders of Pantelleria are still standing upright, ready to exact a high price for the expected attempt at a landing." Later it transpired that Admiral Pavesi had radioed to Rome: "Bombing bad, but the island can hold out if it gets no worse. I need not surrender."

But it did get worse. Two days later (Thursday, June 10) there was a tremendous tornado of bombs. The island simply stopped functioning. Roads were blocked, all communications were ruined, workshops were destroyed, and the airfield was pock-marked with craters. Everybody spent that dreadful day underground. One German Luftwaffe sergeant, who was watching from a safe loophole, counted more than 1,800 bombers over the island in the course of the day.

That night General Achille Maffei, commander of the Italian troops, contacted Rome by radio. Speaking directly to Mussolini he told him, "The situation is unendurable. If this happens again we cannot carry on. Everything is destroyed. We cannot even resist invasion now." The Duce sadly agreed. There was nothing else for him to do. He told Maffei to do the best he could, and not let Italy's honour down.

Bombing went on all night, and started again on Friday morning. And at ten minutes to ten the look-out on the island's highest point spied the Allied armada approaching. A little later he was able to report that the armada included assault craft. Pantelleria's hour had come. Once more Admiral Pavesi called up Rome: "I cannot oppose landing," he said; "now I must surrender." And Rome gave permission. At eleven o'clock the Admiral got into radio communication with Malta and surrendered. He said he had no water and must surrender. In fact, there was plenty of water—in bottles and wells and cisterns; but he wanted to salve his pride by finding some non-military excuse. About the same time the Italians laid out a white linen cross on the airfield.

SOON after 11.30 the Allied general heard that there was a white flag flying from a brown conical peak, just behind the town. But the attack was already under way. The whole tremendous process had been put in motion. Wave after wave of Flying Fortresses were approaching the target. Fifty, eighty . . . when their number got into three figures the men in the assault craft, rapidly approaching the island, stopped counting. They had never seen anything like that bombing; they looked at one another in amazement, imagining what they would feel if *they* were beneath it.

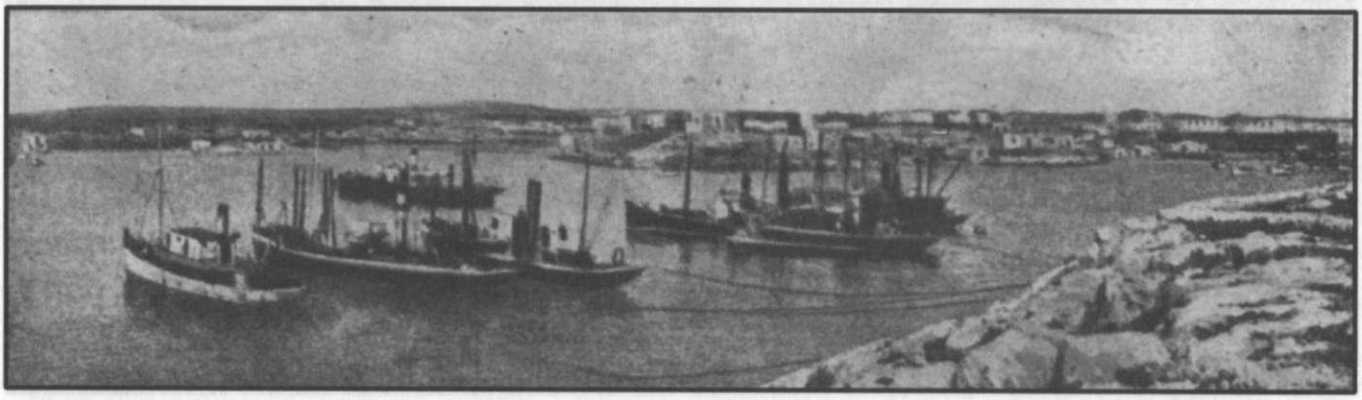
At last the planes flew away. The British cruisers were still firing, but the one brave Italian gun, which had been replying, was silent now. Pantelleria was just one mass of dust and smoke. At noon, zero hour, the attackers disembarked. On one of the beaches there were a few bursts of machine-gun fire, but they were short and ineffectual.

Not a shot was fired in the harbour. As the assault craft came skimming in, shabby, dusty Italian troops began popping out of ruined houses and hoisting white flags. They were waiting to surrender. Assault craft pushed straight up to the little jetty, and men ran ashore exactly as they had done it in the exercises. Within a couple of minutes their little radio sets were sending back news that the landing had been made. In my boat they began to have a little lunch before going ashore. Soon empty bully-beef tins were sinking like silver caskets through the clear blue Mediterranean water, and people were handing round huge bread-and-cheese sandwiches.

The Italians had left their surrender so late that our invasion had to roll on for some time by its own momentum. The bombing programme was dragged finally to a halt, but not before several Italian positions had been raided superfluously and Admiral Pavesi, apparently bewildered by the situation, fled into the hills. They did not find him till six o'clock. The commander sent an emissary with an interpreter to chase him, and finally he consented to walk down to the airfield. There—a handsome, elderly man with grey hair and plenty of gold braid on his uniform—he waited with General Maffei. They gasped with astonishment when the British general drove up in a tank; they had never dreamed that tanks could be got ashore so swiftly and manoeuvred up to the airfield. Gathered in a subterranean office, the Allied Commander produced a sheet and a half of typewritten conditions, and gave it to Pavesi to read. After querying several items the Admiral signed. And so Pantelleria was surrendered.

Pantelleria village, where 3,000 fisherfolk used to live and kept their boats, was a rubbish heap. There were big stretches of the countryside practically covered with bomb craters. The "main road," down which poured a stream of merry and relieved Italian prisoners, carrying cardboard suitcases or wooden boxes already packed with their pathetic trivial belongings, was a grotesque sea-sawing track with a diversion every few yards. The airfield, to which it led, was littered with bits and pieces of Italian fighters. But the superb underground hangar remained untouched beneath its artificial hill, and its great white-washed interior was crammed with an incredible collection of junk. A couple of hundred Italian prisoners squatting on the ground and chattering like magpies. Some fifty Germans standing aloof, cutting the Italians dead; they were Luftwaffe technicians, and their opinion of the Regia Aeronautica was practically unprintable. A dozen absurd little tanks. Two biplanes of astonishing antiquity. Then a couple of hundred two-decker beds littered with clothing, books and letters, cartridges and razors and bottles of ink. Upstairs in a tunnel-like gallery was the Luftwaffe mess and store-room. Great 7-pound tins of butter from Holland or Denmark, excellent tinned pears, 40-pound cheeses, brandy, wine and beer, crates of cigarettes, real coffee. The Luftwaffe, at any rate, is still eating luxuriously.

NINETY minutes after Pantelleria's fall the blitz was switched to Lampedusa, a smaller island to the south. It surrendered on June 12 to Sgt. Cohen, an R.A.F. pilot who landed on the island through engine trouble in the middle of the bombardment (see page 92). Linosa followed suit on June 13; as soon as the British destroyer Nubian appeared, its garrison of 140 Italians raised the white flag. A fourth island, Lampione, was occupied on June 14.

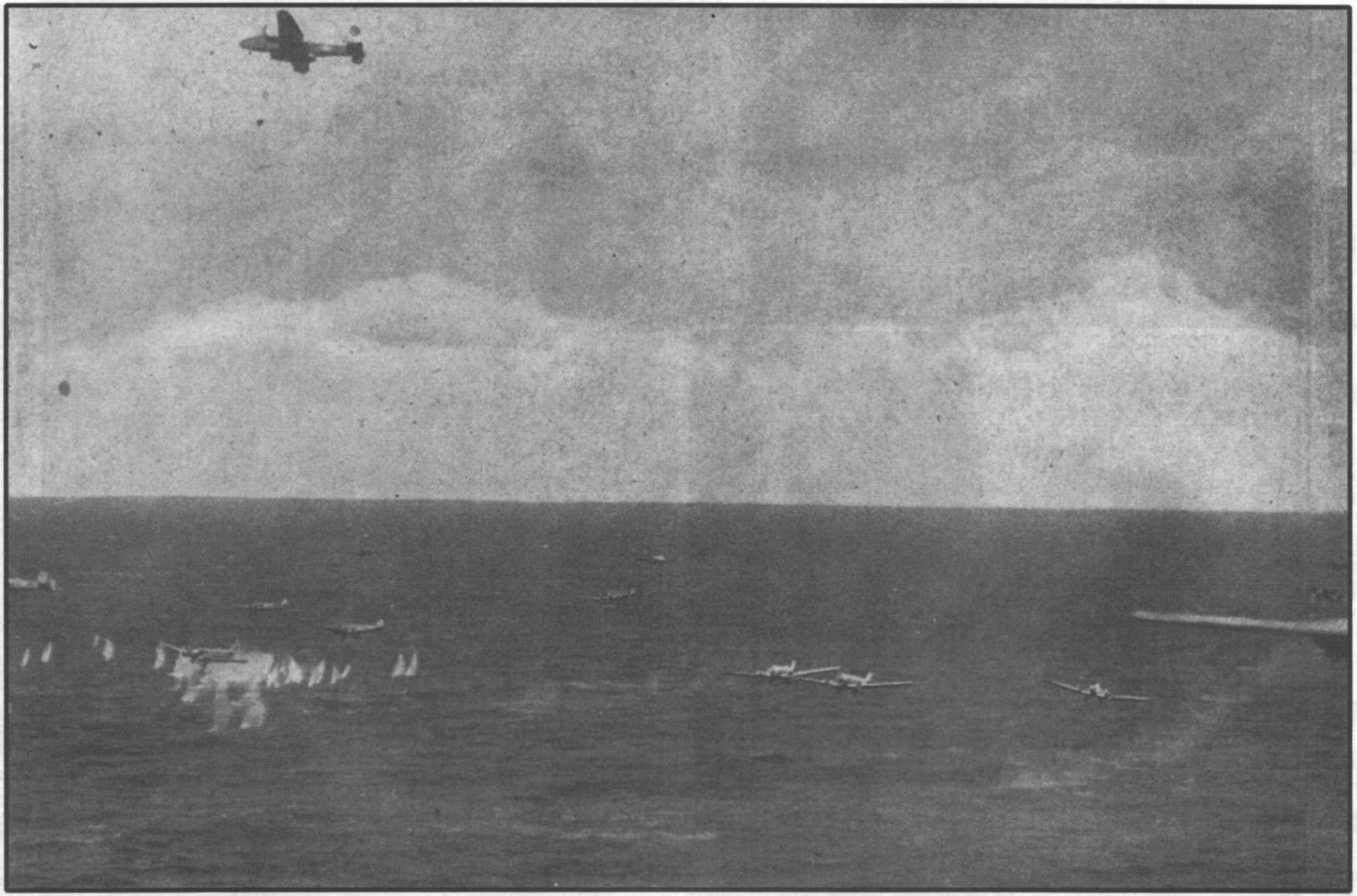


LAMPEDUSA, the little Italian island lying about 100 miles S. of Pantelleria, is some seven miles in length and about two miles wide, with an area of nearly twelve square miles. It was occupied by our forces on June 12, 1943, after being subjected to heavy air and naval bombardments. There were some 4,000-5,000 Italian military, naval and air personnel on Lampedusa at the time of our occupation. This photograph shows the harbour which had been used by the Axis as an E-boat base. *Photo, The Times*

Never Such a 'Blitz' on So Small a Target

BOMBED AND BATTERED PANTELLERIA was occupied by our forces on June 11, 1943 at a cost of 40 Allied casualties, and after an attack lasting 24 days. 1, One of the many scenes of devastation that confronted our landing-parties. 2, White cross marked out on the airfield was the first indication that the island had surrendered. About 11,000 Italian troops were taken. 3, Prisoners washing in the oil-covered waters of the harbour, while a British sentry keeps an eye on the proceedings.

Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright; Associated Press



AXIS AIR CONVOY SHATTERED IN THE SICILIAN STRAITS. Loaded with badly-needed fuel and supplies for the hard-pressed Axis forces in Tunisia, 35 giant air transports (Ju 52s), flying at low-level in the vain hope of eluding attack, were pounced on by U.S. Mitchell bombers and Lightnings of the N.W. African Air Force over the Sicilian Straits on April 10, 1943. Twenty-five of these transports were shot down; ten only reaching their destination. This remarkable photograph, taken in the heat of the sea-level battle, shows eleven of the Ju 52s under their assailants' withering onslaught. The splashes are caused by machine-gun bullets. On the same day another large enemy formation of Ju 52s with fighter escort was effectively dispersed by Mitchells and Lightnings.

Photo, Associated Press

THE WAR AT SEA

by Francis E. McMurtrie

FOR some time past there has been much talk of invasion possibilities. Undoubtedly the enemy are growing increasingly nervous as the signs of preparation for such an enterprise on the part of the Allies grow more numerous.

One of the greatest worries that beset the Axis rulers is that there is no saying where the principal blow will fall. However anxious they may be to leave no likely point uncovered by strong defending forces, it is manifestly impossible to be strong everywhere. Moreover, when a landing is made it may prove a mere feint designed to draw attention from the real danger-point.

It is the fact that the United Nations control all the sea approaches to the enemy coasts, with the trade routes across the ocean by which supplies and reinforcements must travel, that constitutes the real problem. With these advantages, it is possible to strike almost anywhere, meanwhile keeping the enemy guessing in vain. There is no surer method of baffling and confusing an opponent than by making use of sea power to cloak the coming attack.

On the face of it, the islands of Sicily and Sardinia, garrisoned by the dispirited Italians and lying at no great distance from the ports of North Africa, offer the most tempting targets to the invader. Yet there are many other openings concerning which the Axis have shown acute anxiety. The temporary closing of the frontier between Syria and Turkey, following on the visit to Ankara of Admiral Sir John Cunningham, the newly-appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Levant, has given rise to a suspicion that the islands of the Aegean may be in danger.

WILL the Navy Attack the Aegean Islands?

These islands form the outer ramparts of the enemy position in the Balkans and Greece. The largest and most important are Crete, Scarpanto and Rhodes in the south, and Lemnos, Mitylene and Khios in the north. Strategically, Crete and Lemnos hold the most valuable positions. With air superiority added to control of the sea, it should not be difficult to recapture these islands one by one. For this purpose, it is suggested in enemy broadcasts (evidently designed to extract information), that big preparations are on foot in the British island of Cyprus. Though Cyprus is nearer to Syria than it is to the Axis islands, its situation should make it a valuable base for attacks on either Crete or Rhodes. Much money is reported to have been spent on the construction of airfields in the island.

With the Aegean Islands in Allied hands, the enemy forces in Greece would find their position outflanked. Moreover, passage of the Dardanelles would then be easy for Allied shipping. Germany is clearly afraid that Turkey would in that event join the ranks of her enemies, affording a clear route for supplies to the Russian forces in the Black Sea. In fact, the possession by the Allies of the Aegean Islands would inevitably be the prelude to enemy evacuation of the Balkans and South Russia.

ALMOST as exposed to attack as Sicily is the Calabrian peninsula, forming the "toe" of Italy. Not many people remember that in 1806, when Italy was mainly occupied by Napoleon's armies, British infantry under Sir John Stuart were landed in Calabria and defeated a superior force of French troops with heavy loss at the Battle of Maida. History has sometimes a trick of repeating itself when circumstances are similar.

It is not only in the Mediterranean that Axis neryousness of invasion has become apparent. All along the western shores of Europe, from Tromsö to Bordeaux, similar apprehensions appear to be entertained. Norway, with its long sea coast abounding in harbours, offers a favourable field for an invader, to say nothing of the readiness with which the persecuted population of the country would furnish aid and information. Another advantage would be that bases from which convoys proceeding to North Russia can be attacked would be wrested from the enemy.

Precautions taken by the Germans include the evacuation of the civilian population from the Lofoten Islands, the group that has been raided on three occasions by Anglo-Norwegian expeditions, and the concentration in Norwegian ports of German surface warships. The latter are not numerous enough to constitute a real obstacle, even though they may be more formidable opponents than the Italian fleet.

In Denmark the Germans have recently been fortifying parts of the Jutland peninsula, in fear of an invasion on its western coast. Dutch and Belgian coastlines have also been extensively fortified.

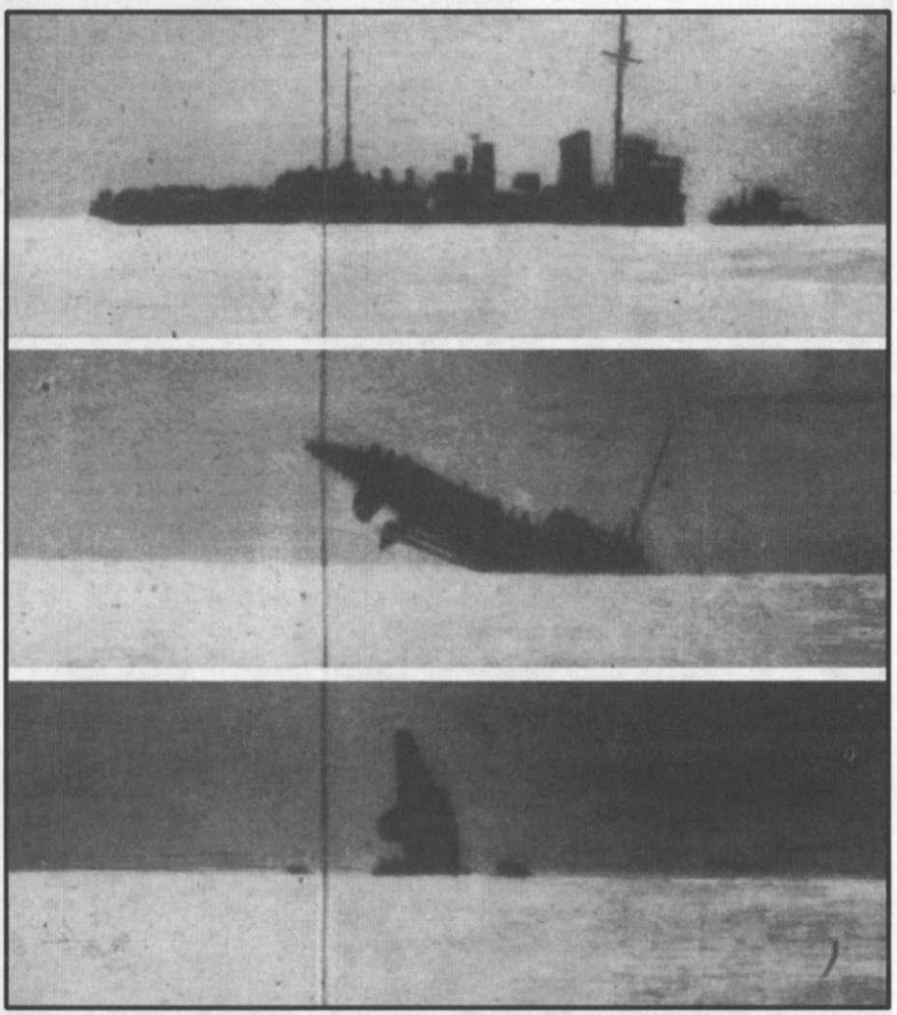
Nearest to this country of all the more probable landing-places is the Cotentin peninsula, jutting out northward from the mass of Normandy. In 1758 a British expedition landed here and sacked the naval base at Cherbourg, a fact which has never been forgotten by the inhabitants of that city. To seize this peninsula and hold it as a bridgehead for an advance into France would be a perfectly feasible enterprise.

With all these possibilities in view, it is easy to understand why Hitler hesitates to renew his attack in Russia. While he waits, the forces of the United Nations grow stronger each week ; and the failure of the U-boat onslaught in May and June has added to the shipping resources upon which so much depends.

By the time these comments appear, some indication may have been given of the direction of the invasion ; but it must still be remembered that it is in the power of the Allies to invade at more than one point. For this reason the enemy may hesitate to commit too great a force to defending any single area.

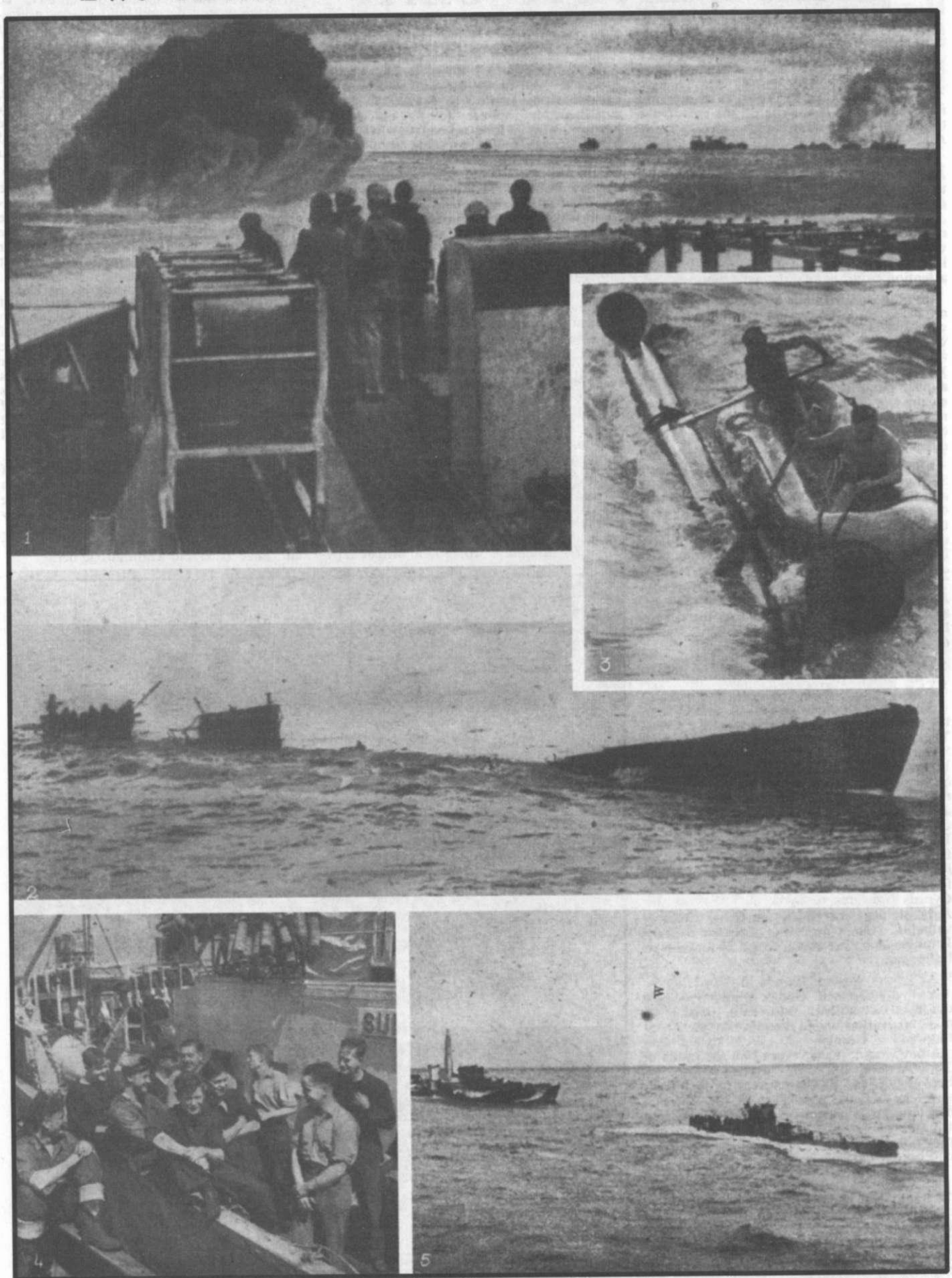
SOME figures released recently by the United States Navy Department in Washington provide encouraging news of the progress of submarine attacks on Japanese commerce and supply routes in the Pacific. Altogether not less than 181 and probably over 200 ships have been sunk by American submarines since December 1941. Quite a number of these casualties are warships, including at least three cruisers and 20 destroyers, the total approaching, if not exceeding, 40 units.

With the rapid construction in U.S. yards of more submarines of the latest type, this drain on Japanese resources is likely to become more severe. It is understood there are now nearly 200 American submarines in service, the majority ocean-going craft. Losses to date have been but eight altogether.



END OF A JAP DESTROYER as seen through the periscope of the U.S. submarine that recently torpedoed her off Formosa. Top, the ship just after the torpedo struck, apparently severing the bow from the rest of the vessel. Centre, the stern tilts up, and (below) the destroyer plunges to her death. *Photos, Planet News*

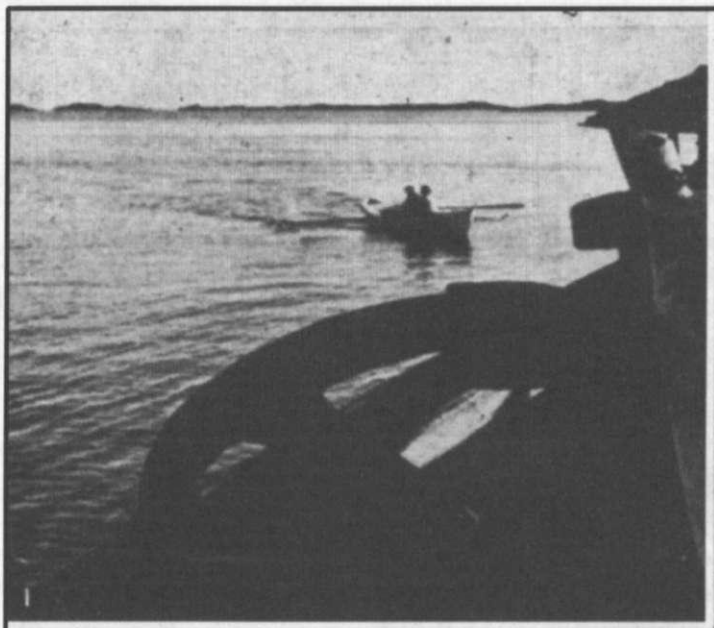
Two More U-Boats Sent to Their Doom

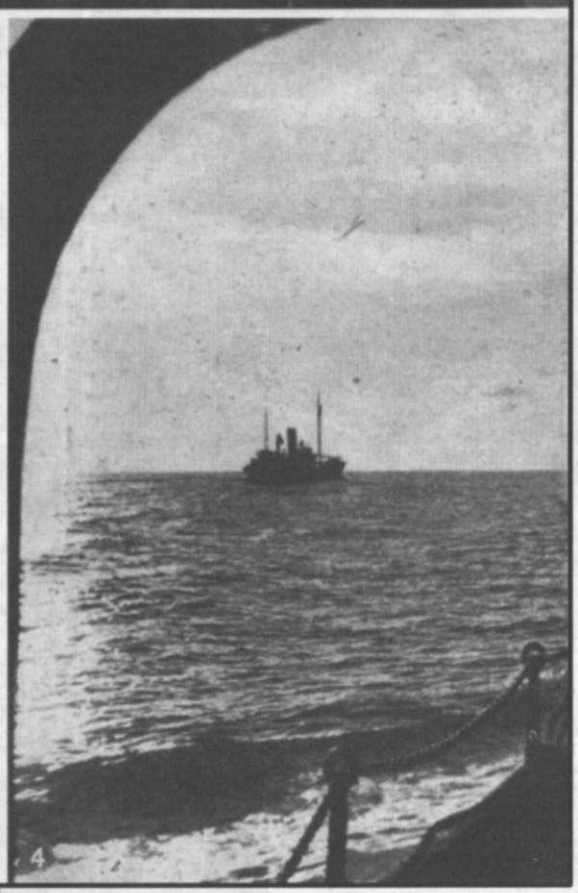


OUR U-BOAT KILLINGS in May, stated Mr. Churchill on June 8, 1943 exceeded the enemy's output. 1, U.S. cutter Spencer's depth charges cripple a U-boat. 2, Rescuing the crew. 3, Germans guide a torpedo from their supply-ship to their submarine in mid-Atlantic. 4, Crew of the Corvette Sunflower, recently a convoy-escort. 5, In the Mediterranean, destroyer Easton closes in to sink the U-boat on right.

Photos, British Official; Associated Press, Planet News, Barretts

Norwegian Patriots Give the Nazis the Slip

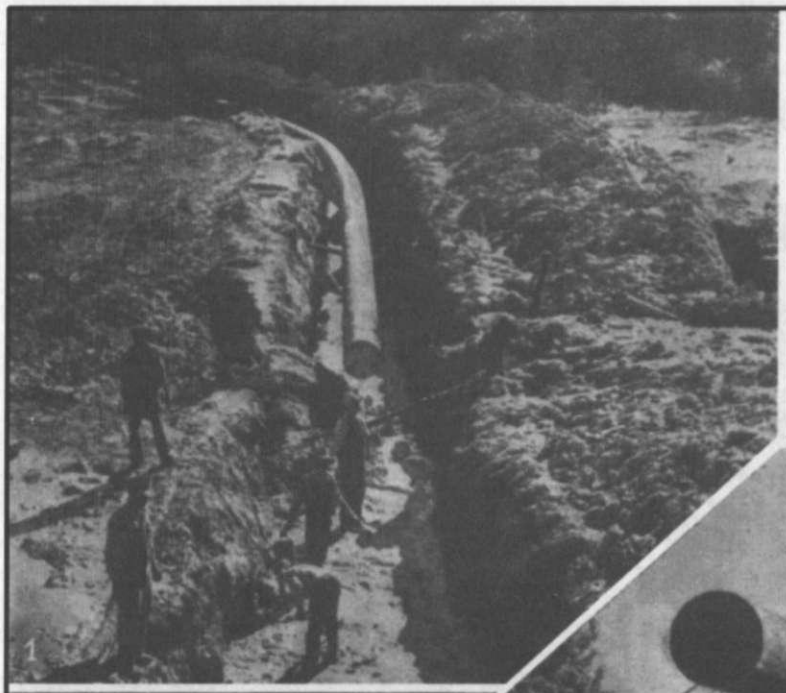


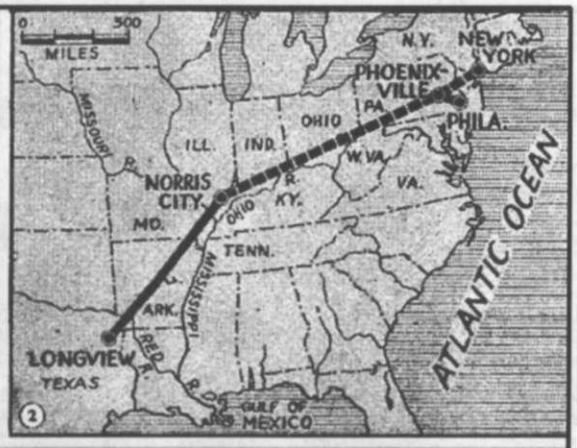


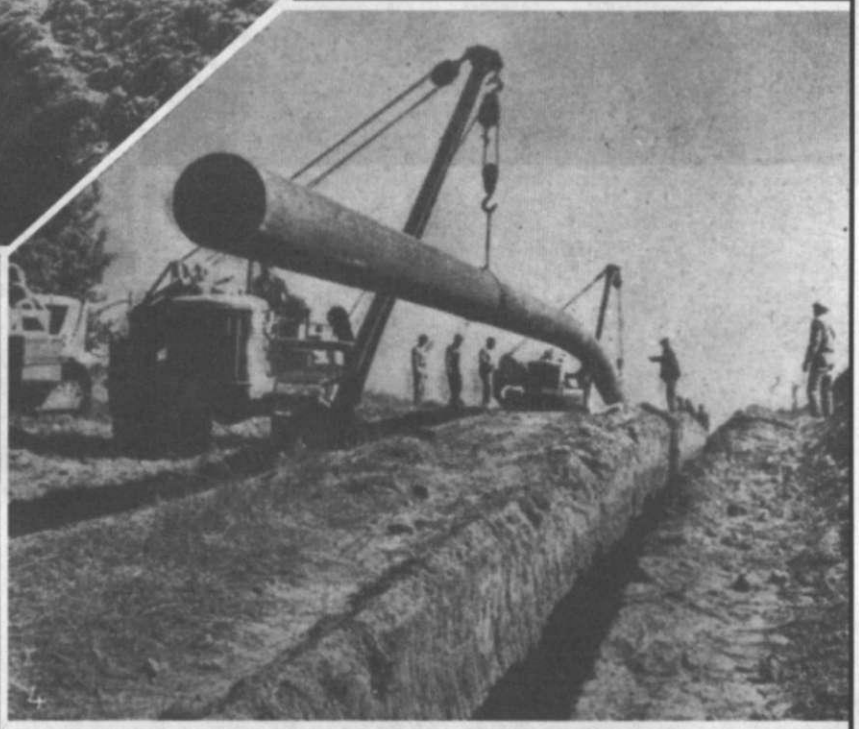
SINCE Norway was occupied by the Germans in 1940 increasing numbers of patriotic Norwegians have escaped to Britain. These photographs were taken by a party of 10 Norwegians who recently arrived on these shores. They managed to outwit the Gestapo and German coastal guards under pretext of a fishing expedition. Their ship was a large, seaworthy motor vessel, and their trip was uninterrupted by enemy patrol boats. 1, Two men—the last of the party—row out to the waiting vessel. 2, A conference is held before the party finally sets off. 3, Keeping a sharp look-out in the North Sea. 4, Unknown vessel appears. Is it friend or foe? 5, It's British, so the escapees hoist the Norwegian flag.

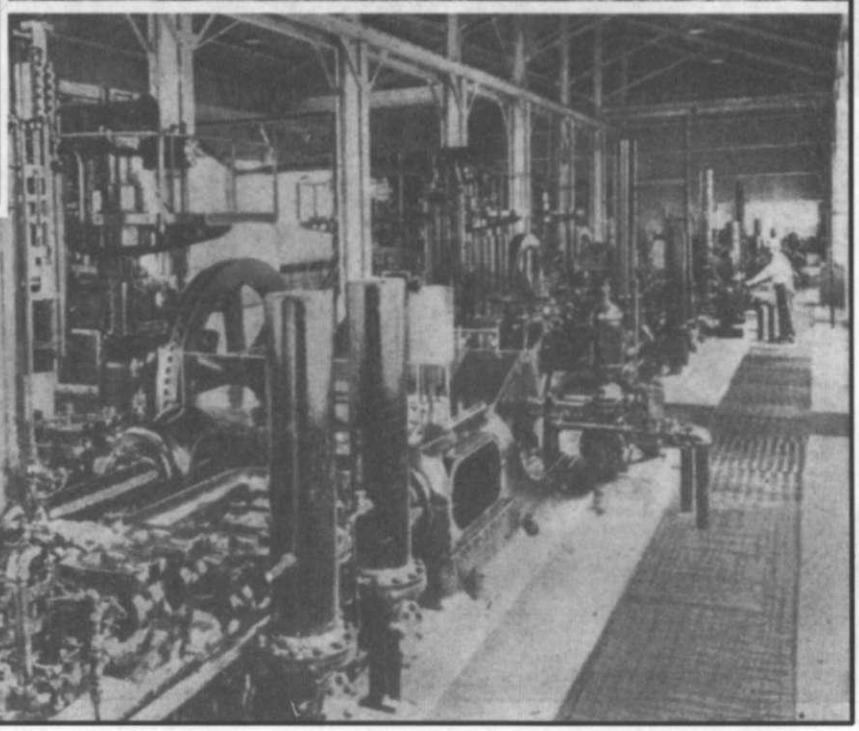
Photos by courtesy of The Royal Norwegian Government

Texas Makes Sure We Won't Run Short of Oil









'BIG INCH,' the world's largest oil pipeline, speeds oil for U.S. and Allied war needs at the rate of 300,000 barrels a day. This 24-in. line runs some 531 miles from the vast oilfields of Texas to the mid-west state of Illinois; from thence a second pipeline (scheduled to be completed by June 1943) will cover 857 miles to the New York City-Philadelphia oil refining region. This enormous project will form the principal source of oil for the war industries of America's eastern seaboard and the United Nations war machine in Europe and Africa:

1, Laying a section. 2, Map showing area traversed by "Big Inch." 3, Sections of line are joined together by electric welding. 4, Tractor-cranes lower a 200 ft. section into position. 5, One of the 4,500 h.p. pumping stations.

Photos, Pictorial Press

The Glorious 155th Battery Fought to the End

Long and glorious is the history of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, but it may be doubted whether it contains any finer story than that of the stand of the 155th Field Battery on Feb. 26, 1943, in Northern Tunisia. Here is the official account, with photographs of one of the nine survivors and five others of the heroic band reported to be prisoners-of-war in Italy

LORD MILNE, veteran general of the last war, was filled with indignation. Rising from his seat in the House of Lords he criticized in severe terms the propaganda department of the War Office, and pointed out one or two notable omissions —the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Corps of Signals, and the cavalry regiments—from Lord Croft's recent statement giving the names of the regiments which had been fighting in Tunisia. Why were we told so little about our units and their leaders, he asked. Today wonderful deeds were being done about which people were told nothing. He would give one example. A battery of artillery was told to cooperate with an infantry regiment. At the end of the battle, when morning broke, every officer and 95 per cent of the men were lying round their smashed guns. The Germans knew what had happened ; the Army knew what had happened ; but when the report came to the colonel of the regiment it was marked "secret." Secret from whom? It was one of the things that ought to have been read by every unit of the British Army.

That was on June 3. Two days later the Ministry of Information issued an official account of a field battery's most gallant action in the Tunisian fighting. There could

Lt. RONALD GOSLING L/Bdr. E. G. COOTE

be no doubt that this was the incident to which Lord Milne had referred. The date was February 26, 1943. The place was Sidi Nsir, in the hills twelve miles east of Hunts Gap, near Beja. The battery was the 155th who, with a battalion of the Hampshires, had been ordered to hold the place. If Sidi Nsir fell Beja, the key to the northern Allied line, already threatened by a strong German force, would fall too. With Beja in their hands the enemy would soon have made the Medjez el Bab salient untenable, and transport to and from the Algerian ports extremely difficult. They did not get Beja, because the time won by the 155th Field Battery and the Hampshires at Sidi Nsir sufficed to put Beja into a state of effective defence. But the artillerymen paid the price.

ON the evening of February 25 no signs were visible of enemy movement. The Divisional Commander, his Commander Royal Artillery, and the C.O. of the Field Regiment to which 155 Battery belonged spent two hours examining the countryside from a dominating observation post and could detect nothing ominous. But during the night Verey light signals began to go up in the hills around Sidi Nsir, and at 6.30 next morning heavy mortar fire opened on the British guns. After 45 minutes' shelling came a direct assault. German tanks drove down the road from Mateur. Four 25-pounders leapt into action, No. 1, specially placed at the top of a slope to cover the Mateur approach, firing over open sights. Three tanks were hit as they attempted to

Maj. J. S. RAWORTH Lt. PHILIP KING

pass through a minefield and the road was blocked. Checked in their initial thrust, the enemy sent in lorried infantry who turned the battery's southern flank under cover of a hill.

THINGS began to look serious. The highest observation post, from which the whole countryside could be surveyed, was heavily attacked, its wireless transmitter was smashed, and its telephone lines were cut. Eight Messerschmitts swooped down on the guns and raked each in turn with machine-gun and cannon fire, inflicting heavy casualties. This manoeuvre was repeated many times. Several vehicles on the road back to Hunts Gap were wrecked and left burning, and the precious ammunition they carried had to be salvaged at imminent risk by the gunners. Bivouac shelters and dumps were in flames. Many men were wounded or killed. But the C.O. of the Regiment, visiting the battery, found all ranks cheerful and determined. Their offensive spirit was completely undaunted. None of the wounded complained.

By midday 30 German tanks, with self-propelled guns and infantry in support, had worked round both flanks and were within 600 yards. A little later the enemy opened small arms fire at close range. At 3 o'clock strong detachments of infantry were across the road to the rear and no more ammunition could pass. For several hours every round had been manhandled forward under heavy fire.

The battery might have saved itself many losses had it concentrated throughout the fire of all its eight guns at a range of 1,300 to 2,000 yards on the German tanks and artillery whose columns were cluttering the way up from Mateur. But its first duty was to protect the Hampshire companies by all means in its power, and it put first things first, by concentrating in support of the infantry.

About 3.30, on every ground of military probability, the battle was almost over. So at least the German Command reasoned. What was meant to be the death blow was struck by a column of tanks which raced along the road into the heart of the battery position. Thirteen other tanks gave covering fire with guns and machine-guns from hull down positions. A Mark VI led the attack. This was holed three times in the turret by shells from No. 1 gun of F Troop. A Mark IV tried to pass round the wreckage, but it also was knocked out by No. 1 gun. The same gun set on fire another tank. Then the surviving tanks drew back and shelled and machine-gunned both F and E Troops, whose positions were easily spotted, for they were now engaging the enemy over open sights. Hull down, the enemy tanks had a great advantage. Concentrating on one gun at a time they killed the detachments, smashed the guns and set the remaining ammunition on fire. When all seemed finished the Germans advanced again. But a surprise awaited them. At its dying gasp, the 155th Field Battery could still hit back. No. 1 gun of F Troop, whose crew had showed themselves heroes among heroes, destroyed the leading tank. A moment later a direct hit killed all the survivors ; without a man left, No. 1 was silenced. Nos. 2, 3 and 4 fought on. One officer, batmen, cooks, all who could stand, ran from gun to gun, serving each in turn. Although the issue was decided they fought out the day to the last man and the last round at ranges which shrank from 50 yards to 10 yards.

At 5.30 the Germans, heavily mauled, moved on to crush E Troop as they had crushed F. At nightfall one 25-pounder and several Bren guns were still engaging at ranges of from 10 to 20 yards German tanks which were lumbering through the position, smothering the last resistance, swivelling round on their tracks and crushing in slit trenches. A few minutes earlier the last message had come over the wireless "Tanks are on us," followed by the single V tapped out in Morse.

When the battle began there were at the guns in the command posts and observation

Gnr. J. G. BRYCE Gnr. F. L. HARRISON

posts nine officers and 121 other ranks. But only nine survivors managed to make their way back to the British lines, and of these two were wounded. One of the nine was Gunner J. G. Bryce, who described in a letter to his wife, published in the News Chronicle, the closing scene :

> We withstood the brunt of a powerful German attack—all on our own, with no support whatever, under continuous dive-bombing, mortar fire and eventually tanks (the latest German Mark VI). We knocked out seven of them.
>
> Everyone showed perfect calm and coolness, even when it was obvious the end was in sight. One gun crew were actually singing that song "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" when their gun was hit. But we held them all until all our guns were knocked out, and we were finally overrun by the enemy.

Then in the pitch darkness, through heavy rain and bitter cold, he managed to get past the German tanks and infantry on to the mountains. After four days in the open, sustained only by his water-bottle and a bar of chocolate, he struggled back to his base.

OF the men who did not come back some were taken prisoner. Their wives then learned at last the meaning of a sentence in a letter received from an enemy prison camp : "I was taken by the Germans on Feb. 26. See if the papers have any account of the battle on that day." They had to wait for three months. But for Lord Milne they—and we, and the world—might have had to wait perhaps for years before this was added to the immortal stories of British valour.

Proudly We Danes Serve Under the Red Ensign

In earlier pages HENRY BAERLEIN has told how serving beside and with our own fighting men and merchant mariners there are many drawn from the countries on the Continent at present overrun by the enemy. In this article he describes the gallant Danes who have taken their place in ships flying the Red Ensign of the Mercantile Marine.

"THE captain summoned us to a conference," said a big, jovial Danish seaman in the very pleasant club which has been established by the British authorities in a certain port for these friends of ours who have no Government of their own in this country, but who, as Mr. Attlee has expressed it, are Allies in all but the name; "and the captain told us what had happened, that Denmark had been invaded. What did we want to do? Not a single man was for going back to be under the Germans. We went to the Faroes and a few days later a British warship arrived and asked if we would like to serve under the Red Ensign; and, of course, we said yes."

CLUB FOR DANISH SEAMEN in Newcastle serves as a splendidly-equipped meeting-place for Danes who, leading a strenuous life at sea, can enjoy a game of billiards amid comfortable surroundings. As told in this page, these men are waging a gallant fight against the enemy for a free Denmark. *Photo, Courtesy of Danish Legation*

"That was democratic of the captain, when he asked you," I said.

"But he knew the answers beforehand. We are a people who have had and must have freedom. We have the sea in our blood."

A DIFFERENT sort of captain was in command of another Danish ship, as I was told by a fair-haired fellow who sat beside us. This man hailed from the part of Denmark that was recovered from Germany after the last war—it had been stolen by Bismarck in 1864. The captain was a Danish subject, but retained his German sympathies; and a very unsympathetic person he must have been, for when the ship lay in an Argentine port, unable to leave as they had no money for the harbour dues, he gave the men such short commons that they nearly starved, and when Danish farmers on shore sent money for them, he sent it back without telling them of it, but informed the farmers that the men had all they wanted. So they sold the electric fittings to Americans and the captain knew nothing of it, as he was too wise to venture into their part of the ship.

It is not generally realized how large a merchant fleet Denmark possesses; and practically all of it, with several thousand officers and men, are ceaselessly sailing in the common cause. Many of them have not heard from their families since the outbreak of the War. "I have not written to my parents," said one young man, "because of the Gestapo, but they know about me." I asked how that was possible. "They know," he said, "that I am doing my duty." When the Danish Minister at Washington made an arrangement with the American Government whereby some 26 Danish ships in New York harbour were placed at the disposal of the Allies and, instead of remaining safely in port, would now be facing all the perils of the sea, shipping shares rose the next morning on the Copenhagen bourse—to the rage of the Nazis, for the Danes were making it clear that they knew who was going to win the War.

When France collapsed in 1940 several Danish ships were at Dakar, where they were interned, as the crews refused to be repatriated and have their ships sent to Marseilles. Some of the Danish vessels were placed as a screen round the Richelieu by the French authorities; but the small British craft which damaged the Richelieu's propeller dived under them and did them no harm. "One Sunday morning," said a burly fellow, "three of us took a rowing-boat and went out through the minefield that was open then. We pretended to be fishing and when the Richelieu, which could then only steam at 9 knots, was far enough away, we hoisted our sail and on the next afternoon we arrived in a British colony, where the wife of the Governor went shopping with us and she actually spoke some Danish. That was all right."

The Germans have attempted to side-track the enthusiasm of the Danes by telling them on the wireless that Britain has seized these ships, but they know very well that an accurate account is kept and that after the War all the profits earned by the ships will be paid to their rightful owners.

Very varied have been their experiences. One tanker chanced to be off the coast of Norway. "We were ordered," said a member of her crew, "by German radio from Copenhagen to sail for home. Of course we refused, and for eleven days we stayed in that place—every now and then a German plane used to fly around and signal to us that we had to go back. When they saw that we had no intention of obeying them they bombed our ship, killing one man and wounding seven. In the night we got a fisherman who knew the fjord very well; he took the ship far in, so that under the shelter of the land she could not so easily be hit. Something had to be done at once, because we heard that the Norwegian Army and the British troops were leaving that part of the country. So we repaired the ship and a few Norwegian airmen arrived. They knew where some Germans were interned—their plane had once bombed England and had to come down in Norway with engine trouble. We took the Nazis on board; they protested that it was against International Law. We reminded them that they had broken it every day since September 1939. What about those 450 Danish seamen who had been drowned when they sank our neutral ships? They said that Germany and Denmark were not at war. "Maybe," we replied, "but we, the men of this ship, we are at war with you."

"As for my ship," said an elderly seaman, "in the middle of a great storm she ran ashore on Holy Island. I think there are 200 people there, and we were quite sorry when we had put the ship right again and had to leave. They paid us a compliment, those people, saying that we were the best drinkers of whisky they had seen. We emptied the island. Perhaps I'll get a little drunk on the day of victory, but until then no more."

ANOTHER Dane told me how he had hoped to lead an idyllic life in Greenland, whither he had gone just before the invasion of Denmark in one of the ships sent every year with clothes, food and so forth by the Danish Government. "As we sailed up the coast of Norway," he said, "we saw some German ships with cargo on deck; but they were very high in the water. Some of us suspected they had Germans down below—as indeed they had, hundreds of soldiers. Well, after we had passed the Shetlands we heard what happened and went on to Greenland. The people there are so friendly, they never lock their doors; I only heard of one Eskimo who had been stealing and they made him load and unload ships for a time without being paid. Even in winter it is good, because of the Northern Lights, and the stars and the moon are very near. They love Denmark so much that they paint their houses red and white, which are our colours. Now I am at sea again; but after the victory I want to live for ever in Greenland."

A comrade of his had joined us while he was talking. "In the last war," he said, "we made a lot of money, for the country stayed neutral. But we are all glad to be like the Britishers now, fighting for the right side, so that our children may live in a free Denmark, as it always was and must be."

And these excellent sons of the Vikings have installed over here a school where prospective mates and engineers are trained. They pass the examination in English without trouble; and one of them showed me, not without modest pride, his certificate which mentioned that he had passed ahead of everyone. "Thank God for everything," said he; and we can be thankful that these sturdy fellows are so whole-heartedly with us in the common struggle today.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

On the Way to America

That Mr. Churchill had arrived in Washington on his third visit to the American President at the White House since the U.S.A. came into the War, was announced by Mr. Roosevelt's secretary on the evening of May 11, 1943; not until his return on June 5 was it revealed that he had crossed the Atlantic by sea. 1, Mr. Churchill on the bridge of the warship; 2, with a British and American gun crew; 3, at a conference on board ship with (left to right) Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, General Sir Alan Brooke, and (right) Field Marshal Sir A. Wavell.

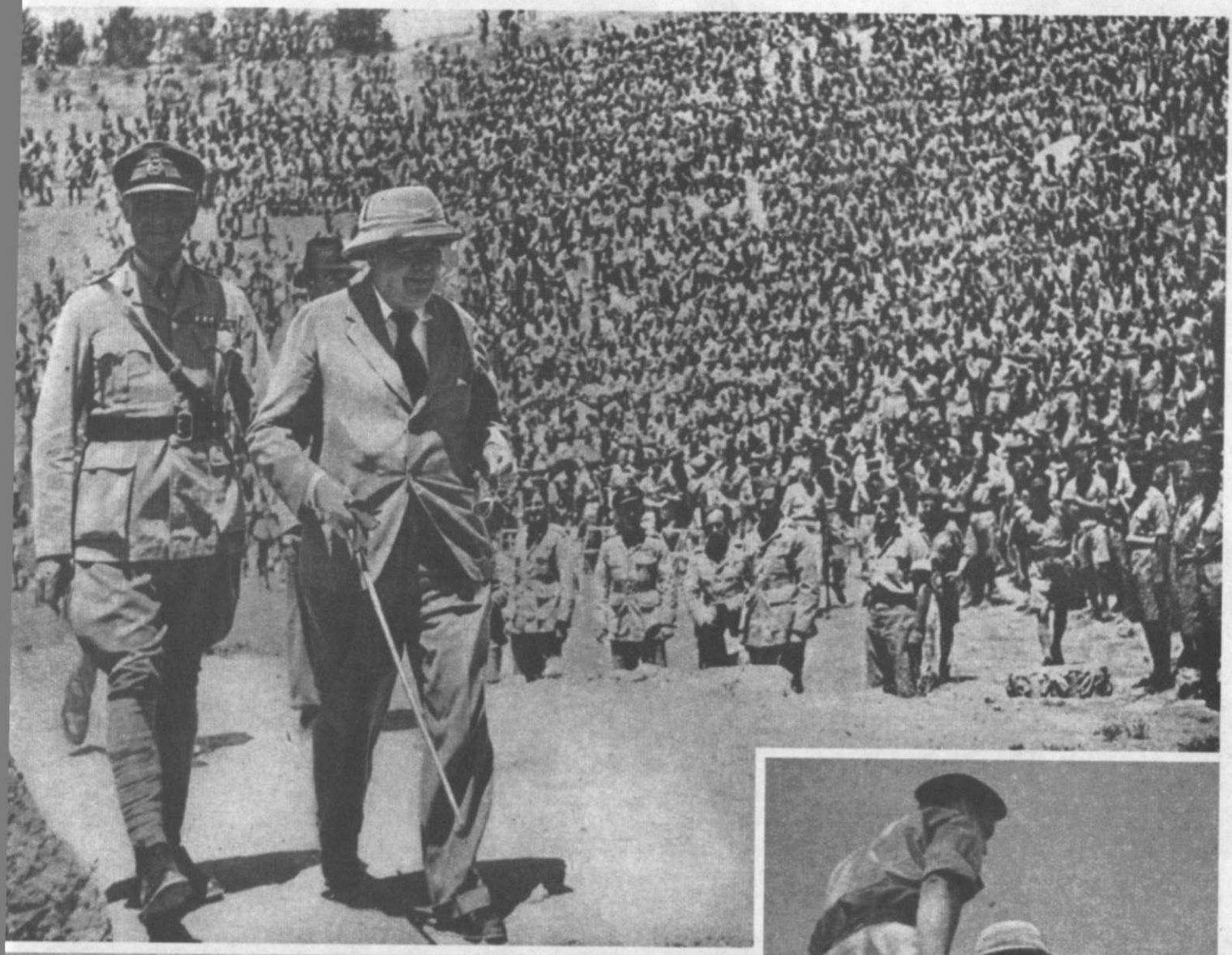
Council of War in Algiers

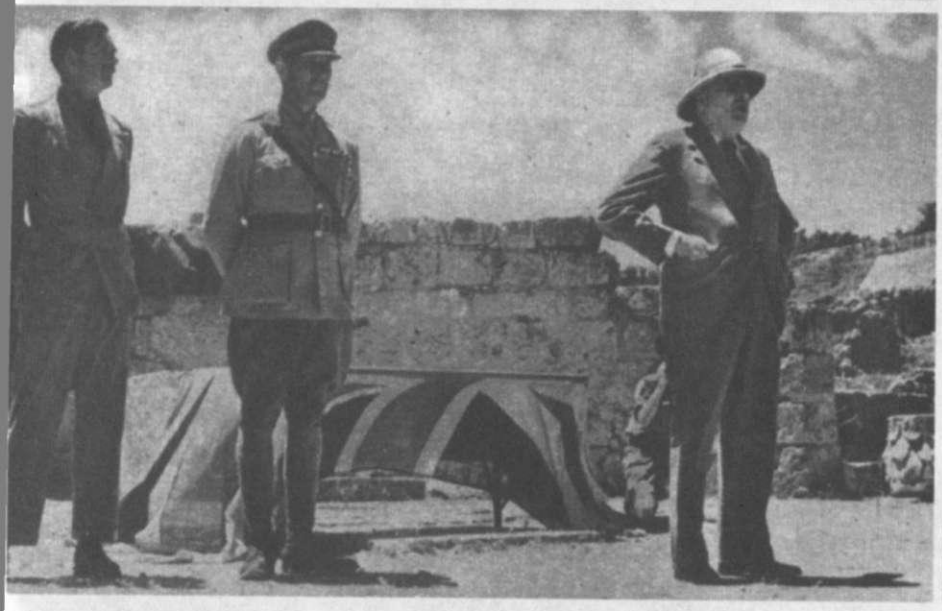
On the way home from his visit to Washington, Mr. Churchill "thought it well to go to North Africa . . . in order to deal more particularly and precisely on the spot with the problems of the Mediterranean theatre." For a week discussions went on in Algiers, and "the most complete concord and confidence prevailed (the Premier told the House of Commons on June 8) amongst those charged with the 'application upon the enemy of force in its most intense and violent form.'"

Photo Brit. Official: Crn Copyright

Mr. Churchill with his Captains

At Algiers, in the H.Q. of the Allied Armies in North Africa, sits the Prime Minister. On the left is Mr. Anthony Eden, and next is Sir Alan Brooke, C.I.G.S. On the other side of Mr. Churchill are Gen. Marshall, U.S. Chief of Staff, and Gen. Eisenhower, C.-in-C. in North Africa. Standing just behind are (left to right) Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, Gen. Sir Harold Alexander, and Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery.





Home Via the Battlefields

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

It was at the end of May that Mr. Churchill, his talks in Washington being concluded, flew from the United States to Gibraltar and thence to Algiers. Here he was joined by Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, and together they visited Tunis and the British and American armies in North Africa. In the ancient Roman amphitheatre at Carthage he found awaiting him a great and enthusiastic audience of fighting men (1), and with Lt.-Gen. Anderson and Mr. Eden at his side he gave them an inspiring address (2). 3, The Premier is seen making a personal inspection of a German Tiger tank.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

Of Vital War Books

by Hamilton Fyfe

NEVER before, since war reporting was controlled and organized, have Press correspondents been able to get near enough to the front to be taken prisoner. "Just as well for them," many people will mutter. But that is not the view journalists take. They want to get as near the news as they can.

In the last war, the war of 1914-1918, the times when I got nearest were those in which I was free-lancing, roaming about in battle-areas without official sanction—indeed, with severe official disapprobation. Lord Kitchener told a friend of mine, the late Capt. Bede Bentley, one of the many who claimed to have invented tanks, that if he could catch me (this was while I was in France soon after war began in August, 1914) he would have me shot. He was feeling sore at the moment, for the day previous he had announced in Parliament that there were no correspondents in the field—and that morning he had read in the Daily Mail a page from me about the arrival of the first trains of wounded at Rouen. However, he didn't catch me, though a patrol of Uhlans did; and with Arthur Moore, a Times man, I had a very narrow escape of being shot by the enemy, or at any rate being interned in Germany for four years.

MR. HAROLD DENNY, of The New York Times, author of Behind Both Lines, reviewed in this page. *Photo, New York Times Photos*

I was luckier than Harold Denny of the New York Times, who was captured by Germans in Libya and who gives in a book he has just brought out, Behind Both Lines (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) a vivid account of his experiences as a prisoner of war. He was right in the middle of a tank engagement, a place where, to my thinking, no correspondent has any right to be. I was taught that the newspaperman's first duty, whether in peace or in war, is to his employer. He must not avoid exposing himself to danger, when that is necessary, in order to get news. But he should take care to keep his line of retreat open, so that he can slip off and send his message in time for the next day's issue. That is his chief obligation.

WELL, Denny had no line of retreat available. He and Edward Ward of the B.B.C. were crouching in a slit trench in the desert sand when enemy tanks overran them and they had to surrender. The South African brigade they were with was, except for a handful of men who managed to escape, wiped out. A Hun officer "motioned them to the rear with his pistol." Then another told them to double, so they "broke into a trot, holding our hands awkwardly in the air and feeling more silly than frightened," although they "half expected to be disposed of with machine-guns, for the simple reason that a large group of prisoners such as the Germans were then rounding up is a serious hindrance to a flying column in the thick of a battle."

However, they were trotted off for a mile or two, and no harm happened to them, though, when they halted, they had a gun turned on them and an officer said: "Everything will be all right if no one makes any trouble. If one man tries to escape we will mow you all down." That seemed fair enough, but what did appear hard was that they got nothing to eat and scarcely a mouthful of water to drink for a matter of thirty hours. The Germans had nothing to give them, they said.

Perhaps for this reason the prisoners were turned over to the Italians next day. But not before they had been looked over by Marshal von Rommel, "burly, unshaven, in a dirty overcoat," who abused the German soldiers for "wasting their time gaping at the Englishmen and so delaying the war."

Rommel, says Mr. Denny, was very talkative with captured officers. He asked one why the British spread out their tanks "and let me smash them in detail?" Mr. Denny has no doubt that "violation of the fundamental military law of concentration of forces was a major cause of the British failure in the 1941-42 offensive in Libya."

Behind Both Lines

When the journalists were handed over to the Italians, soldiers tried to rob them under pretence of searching for weapons. They got a watch and a pocket-knife from Mr. Denny; he only just managed to keep his fountain-pen and lighter. In their new "pen" the prisoners got the water they so badly needed; and some inferior bully beef was served out, which British soldiers warmed up. The officers were accommodated in small tents; the rank and file "lay sleepless with cold on the sodden bare ground."

NEXT, the American correspondent with an American officer-observer, who had diplomatic status, was sent to Benghazi. At a place on the way they were put into the local prison, a little private house furnished scantily, where they met two very suspicious and inquisitive young men who said they were Maltese and had been captured in a Commando raid. They had evidently been planted there by the Italians to wheedle information. They got none. Nor did an Italian pressman who made a friendly offer of wine and cigarettes, and then asked a question about the British forces—something he had for the moment forgotten! His memory received no help; he did not send the cigarettes or wine.

At Benghazi there were a great many prisoners in unfinished Italian barracks, "barnlike buildings with only a few dozen cots among a thousand or more men, and straw mattresses and blankets for a few score more. Most of us had to sleep in inadequate clothing on the concrete floor. . . Many officers gave their blankets to their men, pretending they had others, and then slept coverless themselves."

THE Italians, Mr. Denny thinks, did their best, but there were many hardships to endure. On the ship going across the Mediterranean to Italy he was in the wardroom where "the space was too small for all to lie down at once, so at night some of us dozed standing, like horses in a stable." When the sea got rough, the water poured in: "We were drenched and shivering." But at Taranto they were given a good meal on a liner, which was brilliantly lighted inside, the crew standing to attention in the passages.

"We were shown into the glittering first-class dining-room. Wet, dirty, bearded and tattered, we were ushered to snowy tables, decorated with flowers and bottles of good wine. Italian waiters served us as attentively as if we had been de luxe passengers bulging with tips. We had a rich minestrone, liberal cuts of cold meats, vegetables, salad and fruit. A spokesman for the ship apologized that conditions did not permit the serving of a better meal. Our cruiser's captain had felt badly over our miserable voyage, we learned, and had wirelessed ahead asking this service. Brigadier Sterling, senior British officer present, made a little speech of thanks on behalf of all of us."

Later, in Rome, conditions were good; but for a time Mr. Denny was in a Gestapo prison in Berlin, where he had many bad hours, being questioned and confronted with things he had written, or had not written, about Hitler and the Huns. Eventually he was exchanged and got back to New York, with the conviction that "the Italians are fundamentally a decent people, too individualistic and cultivated to fit into the Fascist mould."

Well, they had better show it—quick!

WAR CORRESPONDENTS WITH THE 'CHINDITS.' Several newspapermen accompanied Brigadier Wingate into the Central Burmese forests (see page 46). Here we see (left to right) Stuart Emeny of the News Chronicle, Martin Moore of The Daily Telegraph and Tony Beauchamp, press photographer. *Photo, Indian Official*

Flying Ambulances Save Many a Soldier's Life

The 8th Army's great advance from Egypt into Tunisia was marked by many outstanding features, of which the speed of the advance is perhaps the most noticeable. But a fact which appears to have escaped attention is the small number of dead. Below, JOHN ALLEN GRAYDON explains why the mortal casualties have happily been so few.

THAT we have suffered so few fatal casualties in North Africa is due in large measure to the brilliant work of the R.A.M.C., and the splendid manner in which they have cooperated with the "Flying Ambulances" of the R.A.F. During the Polish campaign of 1939 the Germans utilized aircraft in this way and so kept down the number of fatal casualties. Over the past two years we have improved considerably upon the German method.

It can now be revealed that nearly 3,000 badly wounded British and Empire soldiers were saved from death by the speed of the Flying Ambulances. The planes have shock- and sound-proof cabins, equipped with nursing and medical stores, special blood-transfusion gear and heating apparatus. Aboard these aircraft, doctors, when a patient was in danger of dying, have been known to perform emergency operations while flying through the air at over 200 miles an hour.

In past campaigns head wounds were a source of special worry to the medical services. Unless a badly wounded man suffering from an injury of this kind was rushed to a base hospital and given the best possible treatment, he usually died. In the Middle East, however, only one-tenth of the men suffering from head-wounds have so far failed to survive. The speed of the Flying Ambulances, which rush men from the front line to hospitals well in the rear, has made this great achievement possible.

That is why, from the point of view of the medical services, the Egyptian and Libyan campaigns were so successful. Similarly, in Tunisia, the Air Ambulances speedily conveyed those who needed urgent treatment from the front-line dressing stations to the hospitals at base.

General Freyberg, New Zealand's V.C. leader, who always goes into action with his men, was saved from possible death when wounded in the neck. Only prompt action by a Flying Ambulance enabled him to be tended by specialists before it was too late.

Our Australian comrades, who first saw the possibilities in air ambulances 14 years ago —they used one in Queensland—have supplied three for the use of their own troops in the Middle East.

The British machines have trained medical orderlies aboard who, in their quiet way, have performed some of the War's greatest deeds. Never forget that for the most part these hospital planes travel back to base unescorted, often over enemy-held territory. On more than one occasion, when attacked by Axis aircraft, these orderlies have had to carry on their normal duties in a "care-free manner." One lad with whom I talked had two bullets enter his left leg—but he said nothing until they reached base and the last of his patients had been taken into a ward. Then, weak from loss of blood, he collapsed.

ON one occasion a young pilot, assisting to take aboard the wounded men, had something of a shock when he saw amongst them his own father, a major in an infantry regiment. The wounded man was in a dangerous condition, and the pilot, when he took the air, knew that everything depended upon his ability to get to base in record time. Is it to be wondered at that he piloted his machine like a man inspired?

Enemy fighters twice got on to his tail, but on both occasions the youngster, with his precious cargo safe, eluded the enemy by taking cloud cover. He landed at base several minutes ahead of the previous record time for the trip; his father was rushed to the operating theatre, and today, thanks to his son's skill, is once more on duty.

Not so long ago two Boston bombers were forced down after attacking an enemy-held drome in the desert. Several men were wounded, but the observer of one machine walked 22 miles in 30 hours and reached an airfield. He notified the authorities of his comrades' position, and a doctor was flown to the scene aboard a Lysander.

Quickly he tended to the sick and wounded, and by the time an ambulance plane arrived the stranded airmen were ready to be taken aboard and flown to base. Thanks to the Flying Ambulance's prompt action only one man, killed by German fighters, was lost.

On many occasions the R.A.F.'s ambulances have performed some outstanding deeds on the Home Front. Sometimes, when a sick man needed special treatment, these craft have flown him through the night so that he might reach a specialist. Nothing is too much trouble for the R.A.F. when it means saving a human life.

I CAN recollect hearing, when in the Shetlands, how the Flying Ambulance attached to a certain R.A.F. station flew to the rescue of a coastguard who was badly injured by a cliff fall. The doctor who examined him was of the opinion that he needed special treatment, but that the journey over 40 miles of rough road might prove fatal. A signal was flashed to the nearest R.A.F. base, and the C.O. ordered a Flying Ambulance to proceed to the coastguard's assistance. Touching down near the station, the ambulance quickly took aboard the injured and unconscious coastguard, and he was flown 300 miles to Edinburgh. Today that coastguard is back at his important task.

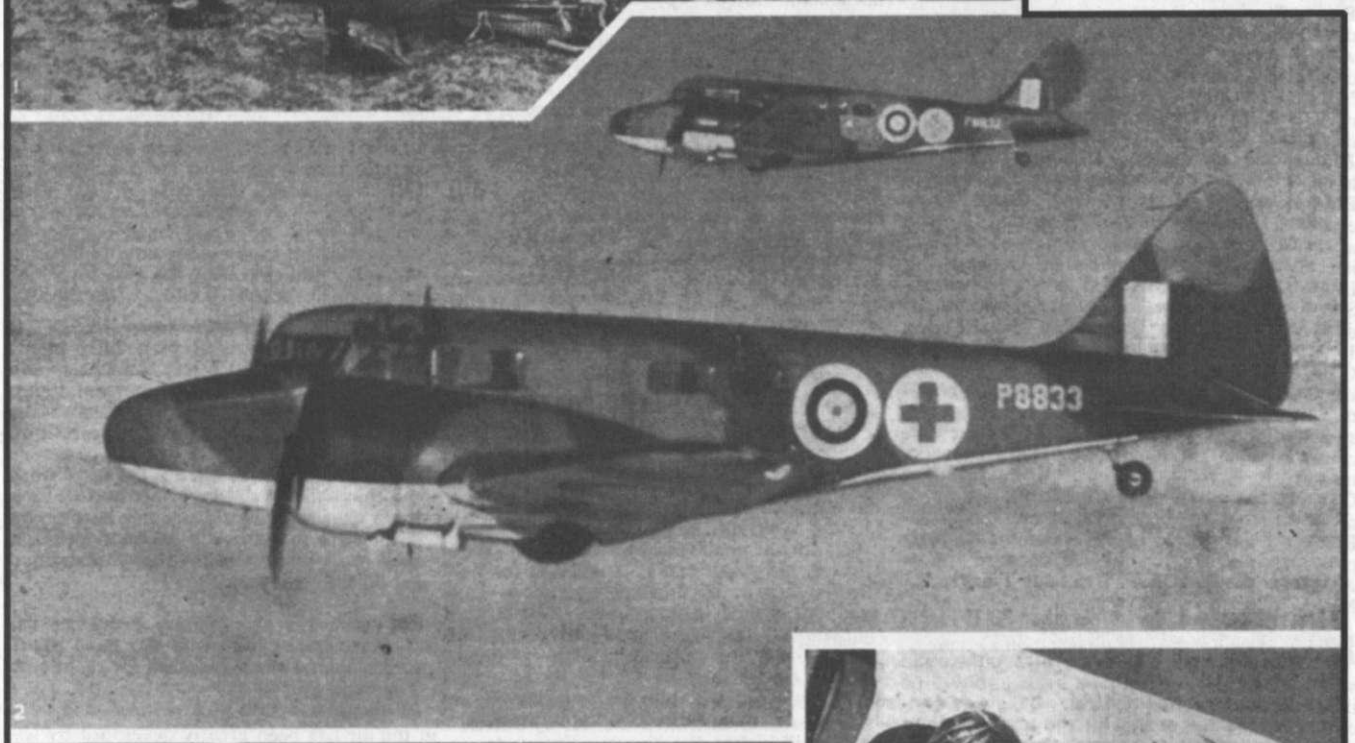
When the moment arrives for the Second Front to be opened the Flying Ambulances will play a vital role. By their speed they can assure wounded of the best possible treatment far from the dangers of the front line. Surgeons, without the thought of the enemy being near, can concentrate all the better on their immediate task, and satisfaction is assured all concerned.

The Flying Ambulances, when first constructed, were considered something of a "stunt." Modern war has proved them to be, however, one of the greatest successes on the "Medical Front."

U.S. FLYING AMBULANCE, bound for a base hospital on the N. African front, receives a badly-wounded 8th Army man. Within a matter of minutes he will be receiving expert surgical attention. Such aircraft have saved the lives of many wounded soldiers (see accompanying text).

Photo. British Official: Crown Copyright

From Battlefield to Hospital Ward by Air



TRANSPORTING the wounded by air is one of the finest developments in the saving of human life brought about by this war. A Lockheed Loadstar in Tunisia (1) stands-by while a wounded man is prepared for a journey to hospital at a British field-base.

Air Speed Oxford aircraft in service as flying ambulances carry two stretcher-cases in addition to a doctor and fully trained staff. (2) Two of these machines, marked with the International Red Cross, fly above the clouds. (3) W.A.A.F. air ambulance orderlies attend to a patient aboard a plane en route to hospital. (4) A British sergeant who has been wounded in the head, cheerfully assists a comrade from an ambulance aircraft.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Central Press

THE WAR IN THE AIR

by Capt. Norman Macmillan, M.C., A.F.C.

THE decision to form a Tactical Air Force in the United Kingdom to operate in conjunction with the land forces is the logical outcome of the experience of war in North Africa. The section of the R.A.F. hitherto known as the Army Cooperation Command has been embodied in this Tactical Air Force; and Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt, who has commanded the Army Cooperation Command since its inception after Dunkirk, now goes to the Technical Training Command. Air Vice-Marshal J. H. D'Albiac, who commanded the R.A.F. in Greece, assumes command of the Tactical Air Force

Looking back for a moment to the Great War of 1914-18 makes it possible readily to visualize how the organization to employ air power to its fullest extent is still evolving. Practically all the aircraft we, possessed during the first three years of the Great War were employed tactically. The few that were otherwise engaged belonged to the Royal Naval Air Service, and under the inspiration of Mr. Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, made strategic raids against Zeppelin sheds at Cuxhaven and Friedrichshafen and the railway station in Cologne. But it was not until we had had considerable experience of Zeppelin and Gotha raids against British towns and cities, that the true idea of a real strategic air force was mooted. It sprang up in the mind of General Jan Smuts, and was embodied in his Memorandum to the Cabinet in the early autumn of 1917. So the 41st Wing of the Royal Flying Corps was sent to Ochey, near Nancy, then the most convenient point behind the 400-miles-long trench front from which to bomb strategic points behind the enemy lines. In command was Lieut.-Col. C. L. N. Newall, now Marshal of the R.A.F. and Governor-General of New Zealand. From this first strategic wing of four squadrons, set up in France in October 1917, grew the Independent Air Force of 1918 commanded by Major-General H. M. Trenchard, now Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Trenchard.

FIELD-MARSHAL Earl Haig (then Sir Douglas Haig) bitterly opposed the idea of a separate strategic air force, and contended that all available aircraft in France should be directly under Army control. This was contrary to the whole idea of the Smuts' Memorandum, which visualized the strategic air force as a power controlled by the Cabinet for the purpose of smashing the German war organization at distant, selected points behind the front which could not be attacked in any other way.

Before the Independent Air Force was formed in June 1918, the Royal Air Force had been created under a separate and independent Air Ministry.

WHEN the Great War ended in 1918, and disarmament cut the R.A.F. to a shadow of its wartime strength, a decision had to be reached about the policy which would govern the activities of the R.A.F. Five main branches of activity emerged. These were: (1) to keep in being at least the nucleus of a fighter force which would be able to fight for the mastery of the daylight air, and at the same time to explore the possibilities of night-fighter defence; (2) to provide an Empire-control and defence force; (3) to cooperate with the Army; (4) to cooperate with the Navy; and (5) to maintain an independent offensive bomber force.

From Nos. 1 and 5 came Fighter and Bomber Commands of the present R.A.F.; from 3 came the Tactical Air Force; from 4 the Fleet Air Arm (air side) and Coastal Command; and from 2 came the defence units overseas, the establishment of the practical nature of air control in the experiment made in Iraq in 1922, when for the first time in history the R.A.F. became the senior and controlling Service on the spot, and the experience of aircraft, aero-engines, terrain and methods which contributed so handsomely to the victory in North Africa.

TACTICAL Air Force as a Separate Command

What is happening in the organization of the R.A.F. today in the midst of war is not change, but the welding together of all past experience into the strongest and most resilient framework of air power. This does not threaten the R.A.F. with disintegration. On the contrary, it makes it stronger than ever; for the methods by which the maximum effect of air power can be applied in the field for the benefit of military operations have been established in accordance with current needs, and they have produced marvellous results under the controlling hands of senior air officers working harmoniously as a part of the co-ordinated team under Army officers holding still higher directive appointments.

Why, it may be asked, should it be necessary to separate the tactical and strategic air forces into distinctive commands?

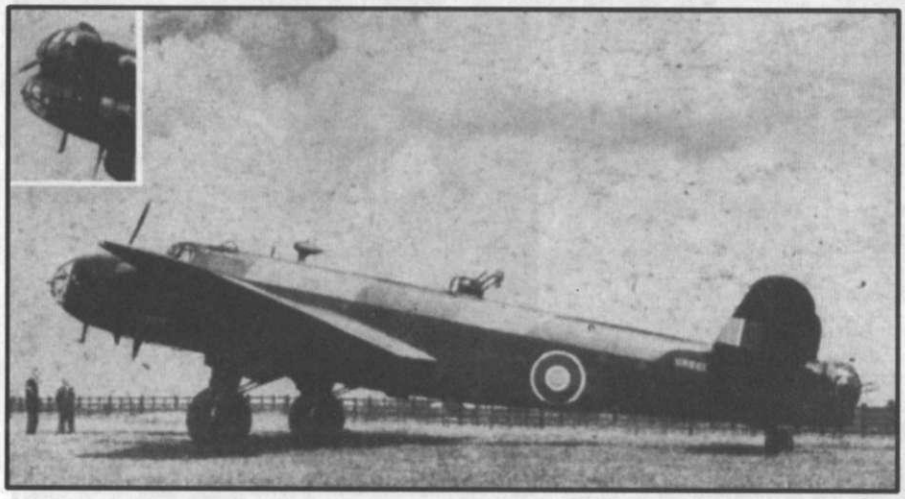
Air Vice-Marshal J. H. D'ALBIAC, C.B., D.S.O., whose appointment as commander of the Tactical Air Force of the R.A.F., based in Britain, was announced on June 14, 1943. He is 49. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

In a short article it is not possible to go into the whole question, but it may be readily understood that the planning of strategic operations differs from the planning of tactical operations. A force may be sited in a given base for strategic operations long before there is any need for a tactical force; this was indeed the case in the United Kingdom. The higher control of the two distinct types of force may be vested in different authorities—the one political and the other military—yet the two forces must be capable of fusion of effort when the appropriate moment comes.

The types of aircraft may differ in many respects in the two forces, and their equipment may vary in such important items as guns and bombs. While the basic air training must be the same, there will of necessity be a veneer of specialization in each case. And, not least important, there is the team work of the commanders of the surface and air forces; these men must work together harmoniously if they are to achieve a common result, and they must know one another intimately and get on well together.

IN every age the military processes which have been evolved by war have left their traces behind when the need for them ceased. The evolution of transport by land, sea, and in the air has been greatly developed by war. In England we still drive over some of the old Roman military roads. The Panama Canal was primarily a military project. Wars left us a legacy of income tax, passports, identity cards, artificial frontiers. The present period of this war is pregnant with possibilities in the realm of the air. And the amazing fact is abundantly clear that the United Nations have learned how to use the air, whereas the Germans, who began the war with what was then a tremendous advantage in air power, have failed to use it properly. They nailed it down entirely to the demands of their Army; and the German Army generals; not comprehending because they did not have the training or instincts of the engineer, believing that aeroplanes could be thrown away as they were accustomed to throw away German lives in infantry regiments, staked everything on a grand slam and did not pull it off.

The United Nations have beaten the Germans in the use of air power. They have swept through all North Africa. They have seized the Italian islands in the Sicilian Narrows almost without resistance following the use of air power. By its power in scientific combination with other arms they can conquer Italy, Germany and Japan; and when the war is over there will be in the hands of the United Nations a means to govern such as has never been seen before.



NEW HANDLEY PAGE HALIFAX BOMBER is even deadlier and faster than its predecessors. The power-operated gun turret in the nose has been replaced by a large perspex nose; and instead of the dorsal turret which carried two 303 guns, there is a Boulton-Paul Defiant-type four '303 gun turret. Inset, the old nose. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Safe Back From an Uninvited Visit to Germany

OUR BOMBER CREWS RETURN AFTER A RAID. 1, W.A.A.F. sergeant gives a pilot permission to land. 2, These airmen make out detailed reports of their operations immediately they have landed at their base. 3, Aircraft is towed away by a W.A.A.F. Bombers have carrier-pigeons aboard to take an S O S in the event of their radio being put out of action; 4, pigeon released from its container on reaching home. 5, Member of ground staff cleans an aircraft's machine-guns. 6, The officer on the right has an egg for his back-from-the-raid meal. On June 22, 1943 a new phase opened in the Battle of the Ruhr, when Fortresses attacked in daylight.

Photos, Daily Mirror

At Labrador's Port of Call for U.S. Bombers

AT GOOSE BAY, LABRADOR, has been built one of the world's largest air bases, with full repair and maintenance facilities for aircraft. Here U.S. bombers arrive from the West, refuel, and continue their flight to Britain. 1, Workers photographed against Save for Victory posters. 2, Capt. Shultz and (3) Sqdn. Ldr. Powell, veteran fighter pilot of the Battle of Britain, two members of the Goose Bay garrison. 4, Flying Fortresses waiting to fuel up for their trip to this country.

Photos, Canadian Official: Crown Copyright

Cross-Channel Sweeps Are Their Speciality

BESIDES the major bombing of enemy heavy industries, the R.A.F. wages a continual conflict against Axis war potential of a more ordinary description. The constant attacks against locomotives, trucks, barges, etc., mean that the enemy is faced by a stream of damaged road and rail vehicles and rivercraft into already overcrowded repairshops. The Germans must now be finding it difficult to organize repairs on anything like the necessary scale. The drawing above shows three types of plane often mentioned as being engaged in this form of nuisance attack.

THE HAWKER TYPHOON (1). This is the latest and most powerful of our single-engined fighter planes. The 24-cylinder Napier Sabre engine with large radiator beneath (A) gives the plane a formidable appearance, which is well borne out by the punch power of the 4 wing-mounted cannon (B). Twelve machine-guns are fitted on other models of this aircraft. Two Typhoons are seen making an attack upon a German Dornier Do 217 E, which has been located whilst being prepared for operations. A petrol bowser (C) is being used to re-fuel the wing tanks with petrol, whilst maintenance platforms used by the ground crews to service engines and fuselage are seen in position (D).

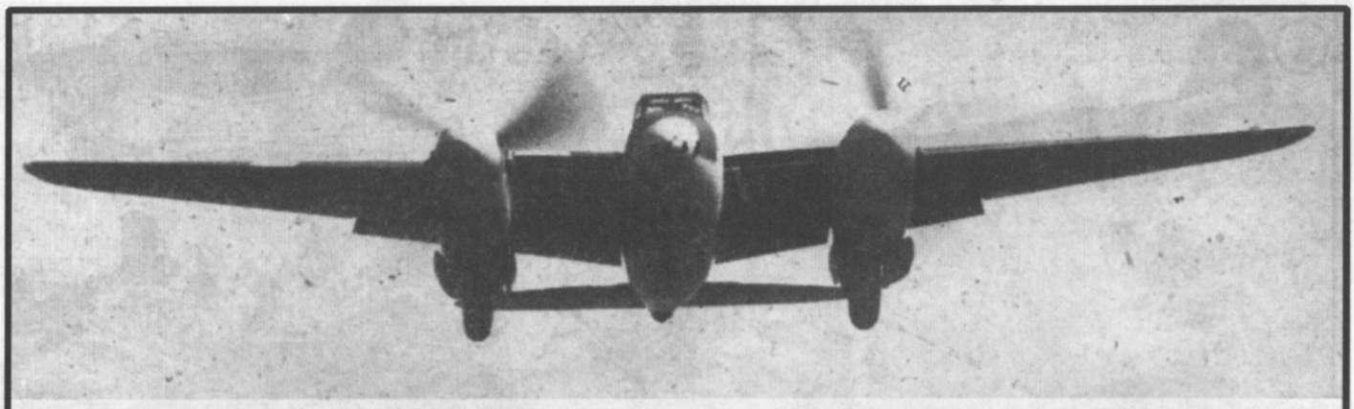
WHIRLWIND FIGHTER BOMBER (2). This beautifully-streamlined plane is powered by two R.R. Peregrine engines of over 800 h.p. each. The radiators are within the wings: the air intakes to them are seen at (E). The four nose-cannon are a feature. The highly-placed tailpiece with Acorn fairing (F) is characteristic. The pilot of the Whirlwind has dived low across a busy river estuary to attack an enemy cargo vessel which is taking on supplies from a river barge (G). Bombing attacks of this kind often smash barge derricks —as here seen—and other deck fittings, with resultant delay while cargoes are unloaded, and still further delay when repairs have to be undertaken.

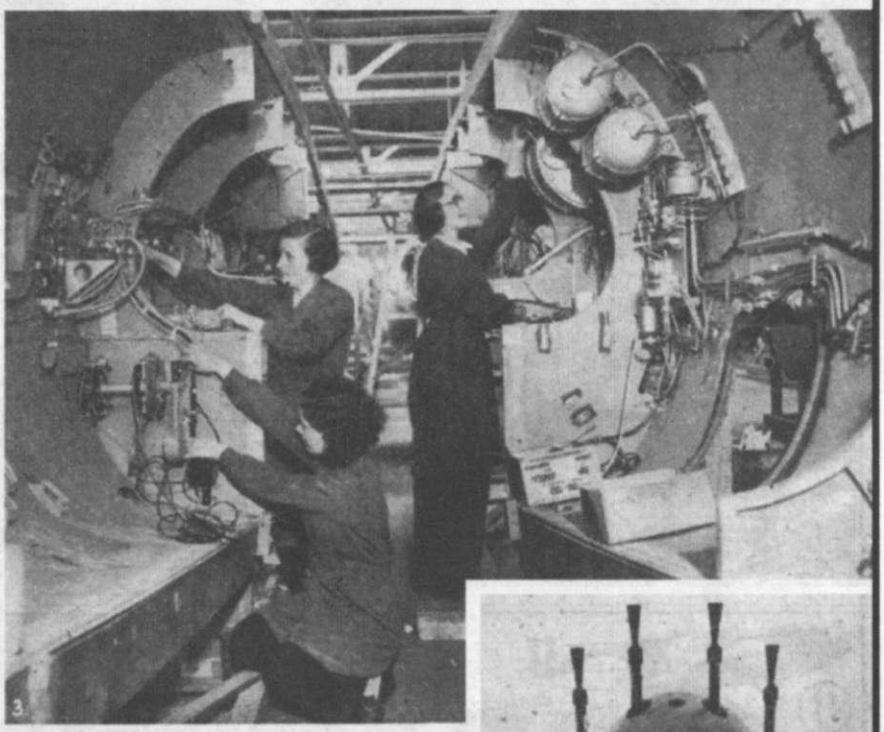
MUSTANGS (3). These planes have long been known as train-busters. The number of enemy locomotives put out of action has now reached a high figure. This, together with the attacks by heavy bombers on locomotive repair centres, has created a serious transport problem for the Germans.

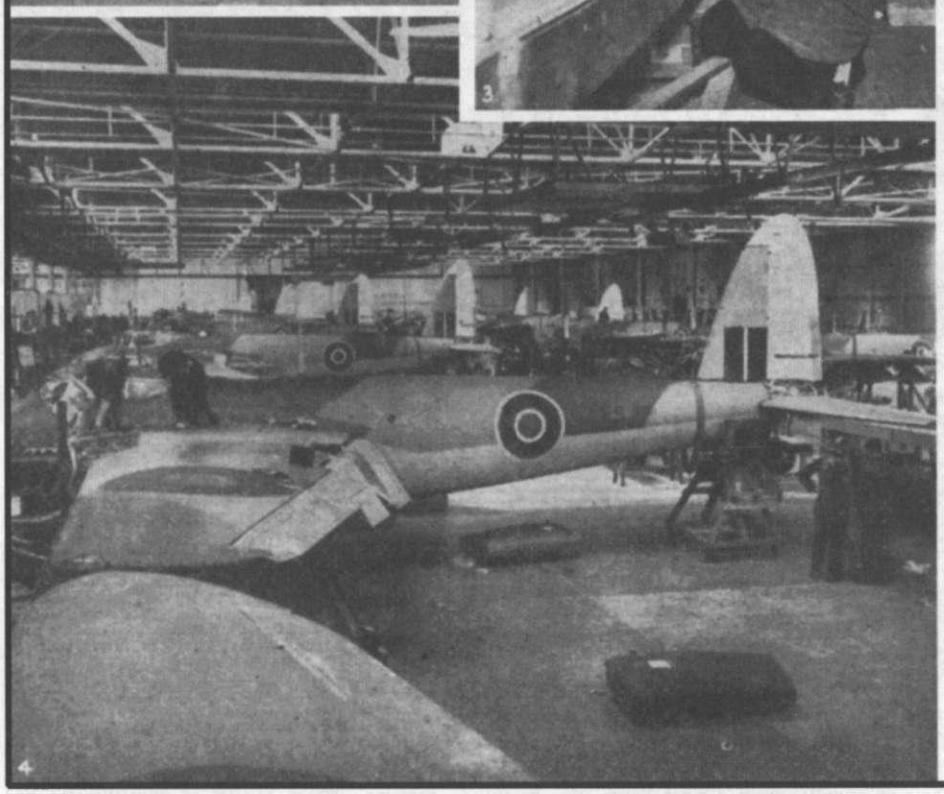
In this attack Mustangs are seen firing their eight machine-guns into an enemy goods train. Two of the Mustang's guns are synchronized to fire through the propeller (H). When the bullets rip through the thin metal boiler skin they play havoc with the network of high and low pressure steam-pipes within. The Germans are now using flak trains to defend their rail systems. These consist of 88-millimetre and smaller guns mounted on railway wagons. One of the smaller, quick-firing guns is at (J).

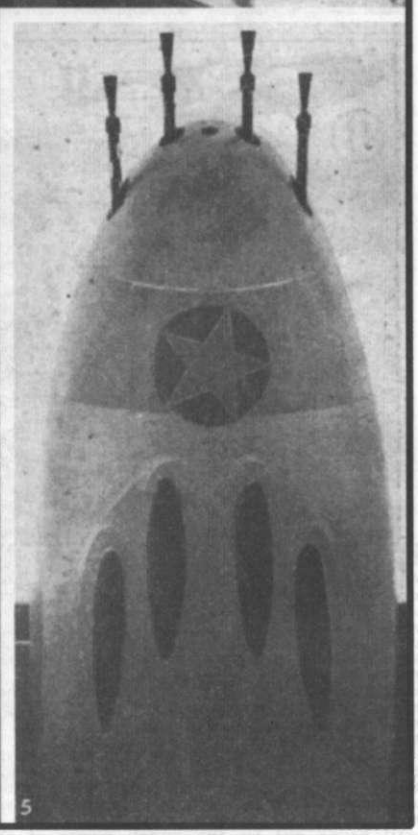
Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by Haworth*

Mosquitoes on the Bench and in the Air





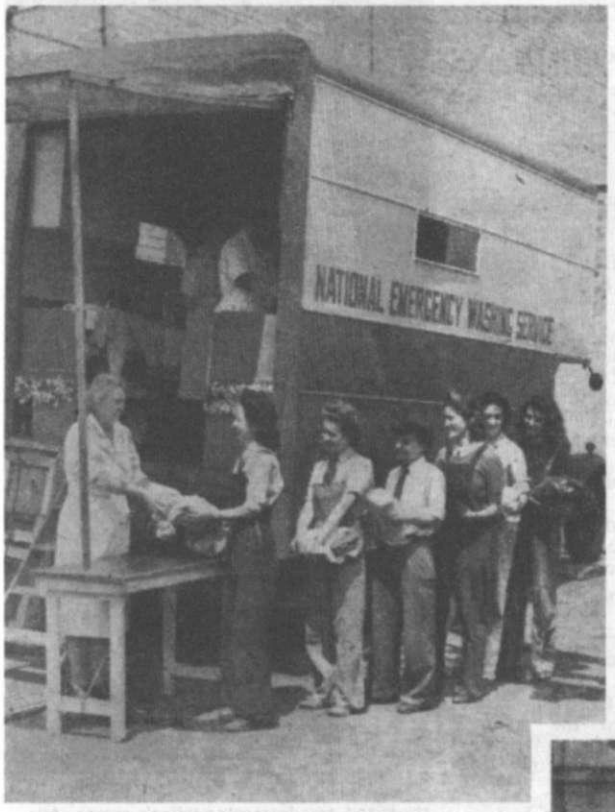




MOSQUITOES, the world's fastest bombers (see p. 344, vol. 6) are unique among operational types of aircraft. The work done by the de Havilland Co. on the Comet, with which the England-Australia race was won in 1934, bore fruit in the Mosquito—put into service in 1942. 1, Mosquito in flight. 2, Soldering small parts in tail sections. 3, Fitting oxygen pipelines during fuselage assembly. 4, Machines nearing completion. 5, The nose bristles with machine guns.

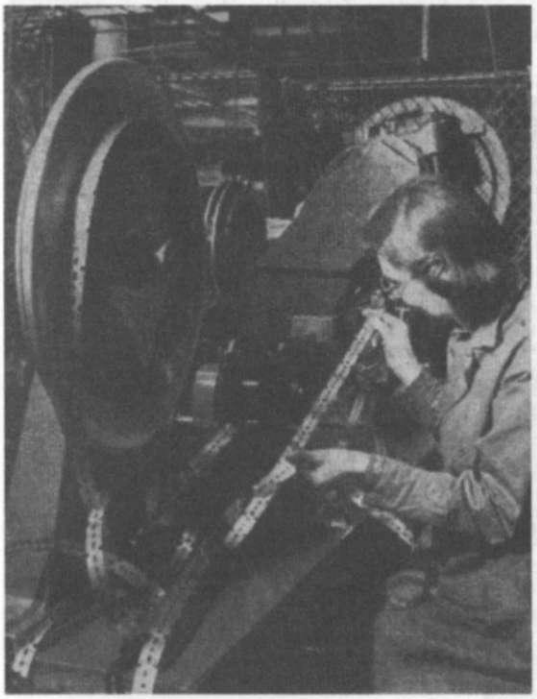
Photos, P.N.A., Planet News, Central Press

To Town and Country Goes Our Roving Camera

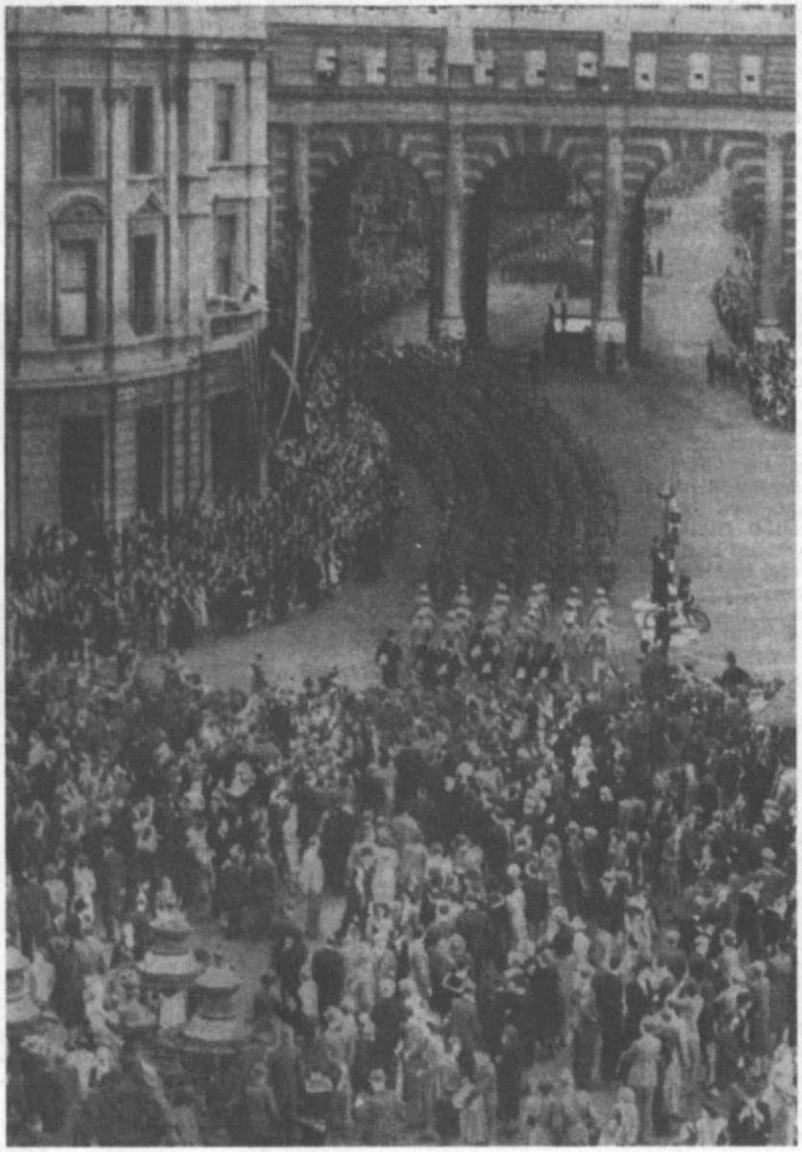


MOBILE LAUNDRY SERVICE, touring the Home Counties, has greatly assisted busy war workers with the weekly washing. This National Emergency Laundry Service includes washing, ironing and airing. Staffed by Messrs. Lever Bros., the vans wait outside factories. Women workers are here shown in the laundry queue.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS HAVE REBUILT A SURREY CHURCH which was destroyed in an air raid in 1941. Above we see the soldier-builders putting the roof on the building at Merstham, that they have erected in their spare time, out of materials taken from the original edifice. The church was consecrated at Easter 1943.



RAZOR BLADES, of which there has been an acute shortage for many months, are now being produced at half the pre-war rate. In 1939 2½ million blades were produced every day, but in 1943 the output is less than a million blades a day. The machine shown above perforates and stamps 540 blades every minute.



UNITED NATIONS DAY was celebrated in London on June 14, 1943. Along Whitehall and the Mall great crowds paid homage to the fighting-men and war-workers of Britain and to the 31 flags of the United Nations. Right, part of the procession passing under Admiralty Arch.

Photos, Keystone, L.N.A., Topical Press, Planet News

I WAS THERE! Eye Witness Stories of the War

Now They Call Me 'The King of Lampedusa'

When R.A.F. Sgt.-Pilot Sydney Cohen, 22-year-old Londoner, forced-landed his Swordfish plane on Lampedusa, June 12 (see page 70), the Italians offered immediate surrender of their island. Here is his astonishing story, as told to Denis Martin, Reuters Special Correspondent at Allied Headquarters in North Africa.

DURING an air-sea rescue mission the plane got a fit of Gremlins. I swept down on a landing-field and saw a few burnt-out aircraft, but we were still not sure that it was Lampedusa.

Then we saw white objects being waved by figures on the edge of the field. Two Italian officers came up to our aircraft, followed by civilians. We were vastly intrigued by the leader of the deputation. He was wearing a Tyrolean hat with a large plumed feather (headdress of the crack Bersaglieri), a leather jacket, shorts and high boots, and he burst forth into voluble Italian. We gathered that the Italian was offering the island's surrender.

In view of the accidental nature of my mission it was a bit of a shake-up, but I put on a bold heart, and asked to see the Commandant of the island. I was taken to the Commandant's villa and presented to a high ranking officer. We were joined there by a further contingent, including our Tyrolean friend.

Our session was interrupted when everybody suddenly made a dash from the room. The reason was that an air raid was starting, but there was no sound of gunfire or bombs. I concluded that the nerves of my hosts were wearing a bit jagged. We followed them down a steep flight of steps into an operational room 75 feet below ground-level.

I tried to explain that I was not an Allied emissary; but they asked me to return to Malta and inform the authorities of the offer to surrender. They gave me a scrap of paper with a signature on it. We decided to make for Tunis. We returned to our aircraft and were about to crank her up when four of our fighter-bombers zoomed over at zero feet. Two more fighters sheered off when they spotted the markings on our plane. Twelve single-engined bombers next began bombing the harbour.

Our Tyrolean friend reappeared and advised us to leave at once, as the heavy bombers would probably be coming over very soon. He urged us to leave before the raid started, and we took off, reached Tunisia and landed, and I went to an American camp nearby and produced the Italian surrender chit. My crew, Peter and Les, now call me "The King of Lampedusa."

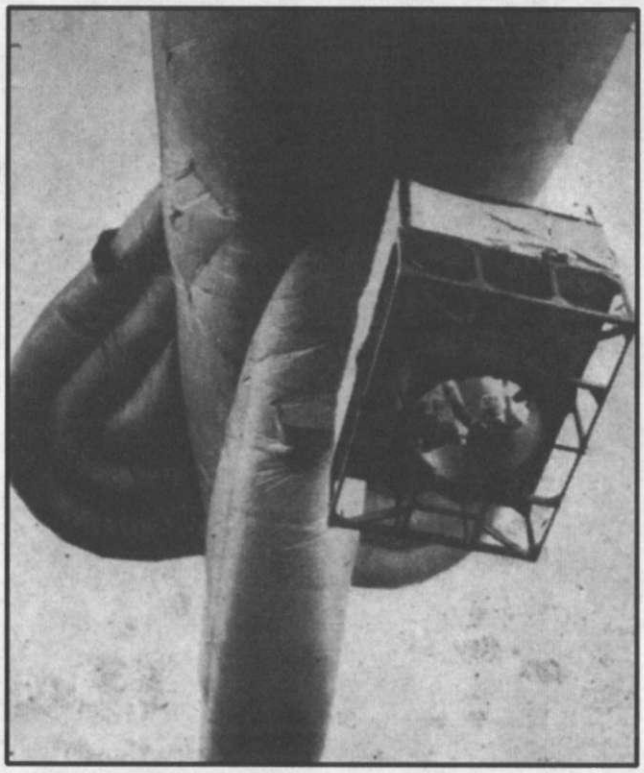
Sgt.-Pilot SYDNEY COHEN, to whom the Italians on Lampedusa offered to surrender the island, was formerly a tailor's cutter. His story is told in this page. *Photo, G.P.U.*

'Happy Landings!' Said the Sergeant with a Grin

From Private Messent comes this entertaining account of high spots in paratroop training. His practice jumps from a balloon and from a bomber did not seem so funny to him at the time. Onlookers got the laughs.

"RIGHT, lads—I want four of you," said our instructor, Sergeant T., having lined us up and inspected our harness. We had been issued with rubber helmets and parachute-packs. Half an hour had been spent in adjusting our cumbersome equipment, then we had waited while two big captive balloons were got ready. Now four of us shambled forward and followed Sergeant T. into the cage suspended beneath one of the balloons. This small, open cage consists mainly of a hole around which four fellows have just room to sit—one with his legs dangling through it. The instructor stands in a corner.

Sergeant T. gave us our jumping numbers—I was Number Four—then clipped the static lines from our chutes to a bar above our heads. "All right, lads?" he asked. We nodded, and he called over the side to a man operating the winch. "Up to 700 feet, four to drop." The balloon started to rise rapidly. Anxiously we watched the ground receding. We were beginning to feel giddy when the sergeant called out, "Don't look down, lads!" For four minutes we continued to rise, and Sergeant T. kept up a stream of jokes. But we didn't laugh.



MAKING HIS FIRST PARACHUTE JUMP, this trainee prepares for action as he ascends in the basket attached to a balloon. This photograph was taken at an R.A.F. station where the R.A.F. and Army collaborate in training. A description is given in the text. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Suddenly the balloon stopped, with a swaying motion, and we sat there looking dumbly at each other as the wind whistled through the wires. "Action stations, Number One!" Sergeant T.'s yell made us jump. Number One tensed. "Go!" A slight hesitation, and Number One slipped through the hole. Then there were three of us. I sat back, somehow imagining that it was next week and not today that I was jumping. Two more disappeared, then, "Action stations, Number Four!"

"What, me?" I exclaimed, rather foolishly, for I was the only one left—other than the instructor. Reluctantly I swung my legs into the hole—and saw Sergeant T. grinning fiendishly at me. "Go!" I gave a push, and my breath was snatched away. I gasped as I hurtled down, and I remembered I had 175 feet to drop before my chute opened. There was a loud roar above my head, and for a moment, as my descent was checked, I seemed to shoot upwards. I looked up, and it was good to see that canopy of silk above me.

I looked down and gasped again, at a few square inches of water—really a large lake. I turned this way and that, staring at the amazing panorama. A mighty voice from nowhere roared, "A nice exit, Number Four—now watch that landing!" Although I could not see anyone, I realized it must be the officer on the ground giving instructions over the loudspeaker. "Make a turn, Number Four!" Obediently I grabbed the lift-webs above my head and, pulling them, managed to make a turn. Looking down again I saw the ground rushing up at an alarming rate.

I tried to remember Sergeant T.'s instructions about ascertaining drift, when bump!—I sat with my behind tingling, and no doubt wearing an expression of idiotic surprise. "Number Four, that was an awful landing!" Without warning, the wind billowed my chute and I was dragged along the ground at ever-increasing speed until, with a vicious bump, I was airborne again for a moment. As I smacked the ground once more I desperately banged my quick-release box, and after much fidgeting, and being dragged

DROPPING INTO SPACE is always a thrilling and dramatic experience for the parachute-jumper. In practice jumping a static line is fastened from the parachute to the plane. As this line becomes taut the cover is ripped off the chute and the latter immediately opens. *Photo, British Official*

another 25 yards, I struggled out of my harness, stood up, galloped after my chute and collapsed it.

So much for the balloon jump. The day came for his first jump from a plane.

WE had been waiting half an hour on the tarmac. Our chutes seemed to be getting heavier, and our backs began to ache. At last our big bomber ("C" for Charlie) came taxi-ing up, and we climbed aboard through the hole in the side and took our places. Sergeant T. hooked the static lines from our chutes to the straps and these, in turn, were hooked to a ring on the side of the plane. There was a terrific roar, and the plane began to move.

I was jumping Number One this time, and was able to watch the ground rushing past as I sat on the very edge of the hole. Suddenly I saw the ground start to leave us. I tried to edge away from that alarming hole now several hundred feet above the ground, but I was not able to move—I was pressed tightly against my companions—so I had to grin and bear it. It was the first time I had been in a plane, and as it dipped from time to time like a boat in a rough sea I managed to complete the illusion by feeling sea-sick. "Happy landings to you all!" shouted Sergeant T.; then, as a red light above my head glowed, "Action stations!" I swung my legs into the hole and sat with an awful sinking sensation in my stomach. The red light changed to green. "Go!"

I jumped, and gasped as the slipstream hit me. I felt myself jerked about like a marionette. I seemed to turn a somersault. I had no idea whether I was on my head or my heels. Then, in a flash, I was whipped out of the slipstream. It was a relief to be away from that fierce buffeting, though I was swinging violently from side to side as I went down, like a pendulum.

AT this point I should have looked up to see if my parachute was properly opened, because it is often the case when you are spun by the slipstream that your rigging lines become twisted. This can be corrected by kicking out wildly until you start to turn slowly in the opposite direction, thus unravelling your twists; the canopy can then open fully. But I forgot all about that and became absorbed in the amazing view around and below me. In order further to appreciate it, I decided to put on my glasses. I managed to wriggle my hand underneath my harness and succeeded in withdrawing my spectacle case from my pocket.

Suddenly there came a bellow from a loud-speaker below, "Number One! What the blazes are you doing?" Hastily I looked down and saw the ground swooping up. I shoved my specs down the front of my jumping-jacket and grabbed my lift-webs. The ground seemed to rush up and envelop me. I felt my feet touch and immediately went into a roll, thus spreading the shock of impact evenly over my body.

It was a fairly soft landing, but as I lay there the wind caught my chute and I was dragged along. Unfortunately the ground was very muddy, and there were patches of water. I was dragged faster and faster, trying desperately to get out of my harness. I ploughed through a large puddle, and just as I arrived on the shore I came away from my harness. A spectator told me, when I was free to listen, that I looked exactly like a speedboat as I shot through the water.

As I got to my feet a big plane came over and dropped several instructors. It was meant to be a demonstration drop, to show us how to do it. But the pilot misjudged, and with one exception those instructors were dumped in a line of trees at the side of the dropping-zone. The exception landed in a pond. No one was hurt, but I marvelled at the flow of language that came from the trees as the instructors tried to free themselves. They looked like dolls in giant Christmas trees.

I tried to wring some of the dampness out of me, then rolled up my chute and made for a welcome cup of tea. Sipping it, it suddenly occurred to me that the very first time I had been up in an aeroplane I had hurled myself out!

I Went 'Square-Bashing' with the Scots Guards

"I have just spent a week's 'holiday' in camp which left me at the end of it scarcely able to stand on my two feet," says Home Guard Ernest Betts. His lively story appears here by arrangement with The Daily Express, in which it was first published.

I WAS one of a London Home Guard company who volunteered for a week's intensive training with a battalion of the Scots Guards. "You will enjoy it," headquarters said. "We should like to have you with us," said the Guards. It was the first time they had invited a H.G. company to spend a week's holiday with them and enjoy the pleasures of sleeping on a stone floor, of parades at 6.20 a.m., breakfast at 7.15, attacks under fire, and a succession of non-stop exercises at high speed until six in the evening.

Those who were still conscious in the evening moved off at a smart pace to the nearest pub about a mile away, drank beer at the N.A.A.F.I. canteen, or tea at the Y.M.C.A., or went to the films. In my "Old Bill" and "Young Bert" platoon were tailors, barristers, factory workers, butchers, cooks, businessmen, mechanics and clerks. Some of them had taken the week off without pay or closed their businesses. There were boys of 16 and old soldiers of more than 50, with ribbons up and memories of bloody battles in France.

The sergeant in charge of my section was a magistrate. The fierce-looking warrior lying opposite me in the hut was a plumber. At the end of the holiday, he said: "Blimey, I feel like ten men today—nine dead and one paralysed." Every morning we went "square-bashing" (drill on the square), digging our heels into a parade-ground where thousands of men have been lashed into an exact mechanical piston-rod drill by glittering sergeant-majors with backs like pokers and feet like machinery. I have seen a lot of sergeant-majors. But I have never seen anything like the square-bashing sergeant-majors and the sergeants under them on this parade ground.

Probably they had never seen anything like us. Sometimes they said so. An incorrect movement, a man fidgeting with a button, affected them like the loss of a battle. One guilty Home Guard, moving an inch without an order, brought curses and damnation on the whole company. "D'you want to look like a lot of apes? Apes walk like this—with their hands splayed out." (The sergeant-major gave a demonstration). "Now get going. Move! When you get off this parade, your bones have got to be sore, and I'll see that they *are* sore!"

THESE words had a wonderful effect on the whole company. They were polite words to Home Guards not in the Scots Guards. Dimly, as we "swung them arms" and bashed the square, we realized that thus were the battles won in Tunisia—on this square, on the playing-fields of the sergeant-majors.

All day we were fanatically on the move, doubled off our feet, hurled into assault courses in which Bren guns spat live ammunition over our heads. And if you were on guard after all this, you spat and polished your way towards a sergeant-major who said: "The acid test of a soldier is that he should be able to stand still." That was easy. But how do you stand *up*? "Blimey," said the plumber after we'd routed the enemy, "my feet are so stuck together tonight, they can't ——well stand at ease!" But he never missed a parade. As the course became more strenuous and the sweat poured down our backs, we warmed up to the pattern and meaning of it all.

These Scots Guards, moving up from a long tradition of split-second discipline and hard fighting, had an incomparable efficiency and dash, a brilliant common sense in the conduct of war. To us amateurs they were inspiring. For the best we could do was a mere shadow of what they normally did as trained infantry ready for battle. Their

WHEN A PARACHUTIST LANDS he releases the harness as speedily as possible to prevent himself being dragged along the ground. Landing is by no means an easy operation—as this photograph clearly shows. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

officers and N.C.O.s had been in action and were bang up to date with information from the battle front and the dirtiest tricks of the enemy.

They had an extraordinary patience. Chesty sergeants and sinewy corporals, with voices like klaxons and muscles of steel, did everything themselves which they expected us to do. Faster. Better. They shot across the ground like electric hares. When it came to square-bashing they were miracles of smooth, harmonious movement. In the field they had the aggressiveness of tanks. Most of our exercises were carried out in hot, green, Surrey fields to a sound of guns, rifle fire, cuckoos and bees, and the order to "Move, move, it isn't a funeral."

Here, for example, is the programme for one day's holiday at Government expense: Reveille: 06.00 hrs. P.T., 06.20 hrs. Breakfast: 07.15 hrs. Hut inspection: 08.00 hrs. Training: 08.15 hrs. (fieldcraft; drill with arms). Dinner: 12.15 hrs. Fire and movement (an attack in which ball ammunition is fired to within 30 yards of the objective): 13.15 hrs. Tea: 18.00 hrs. Guard mounting: 18.45 hrs.

During all this sweating around on stomach and feet the grub was lovely A typical dinner menu consisted of roast beef, baked potatoes, swedes, bread, apricots and custard. Supper (when it took the place of tea) was: Beans on fried bread, gravy, tea, marmalade, bread, margarine. There was always tons of food, and it was always boiling hot. I had the best porridge I have ever eaten.

No doubt the Guards had a good laugh at us now and then. We were always parading in front of them, always under their cool, informed, practised scrutiny. But it got around, all the same, that we had done quite a good job for a bunch of amateurs. And we packed more training into the week than we ever had in months of crawling across Golders Green or Kilburn or Hampstead Heath. And the Scots Guards paid us the highest compliment as citizen soldiers; they admitted us to a ceremonial parade.

At the end of it some one said to the plumber: "And what do *you* know about soldiering?" "Nothing, mate," he grinned. "If I did, I wouldn't have come down to this —— place!" He looked at his feet. "Blimey, they'd go on parade now without my even askin' them," he said. He spoke for a lot of feet—feet better for a tough, tactical holiday.

They Gave Me the United States Air Cross

A former London policeman, now a British naval observer with the U.S. Air Force in North Africa, Lieut. Brian Aikens, of Ealing, has been honoured by America for courageous action in mid-air. Here is the story, as told by him to Reuters Correspondent

A FORMATION of about 24 Flying Fortresses was ordered to attack a convoy. The aeroplane in which I was stationed in the nose with the bombardier was in the rear formation, which was unescorted.

Lieut. BRIAN AIKENS, who tells here the story of how he won the U.S. Air Cross. He displayed great gallantry during an attack on an enemy convoy. *Photo, J. O'Brien*

When we got near the enemy ships we were heavily attacked by enemy fighters. Between 30 and 35 of them put in about a dozen attacks in all. A minute before we got over our target to drop our bombs a 20-mm. cannon shell tore through the Fortress and hit the back of the bombardier's seat. It exploded, blew his parachute into tiny pieces and wounded him badly in the back.

A few shell fragments hit me, but they only caused cuts. I got behind his seat and propped him up in my arms. He was losing blood, but he never complained. He kept his eyes on the bombsight, and only when he had reported by the inter-telephone to the captain, "Bombs away, doors closed," did he relax, but only for a moment.

Then he turned to me and said: "Don't bother about me. Look out for fighters." I grabbed a gun and fired when anything came into my sights. I don't know if I hit anything.

When the enemy fighters made off after a few minutes I went back to the bombardier, dressed his wounds and gave him some dope tablets. He is one of the pluckiest chaps I have ever met. Though our Fortress was badly shot up, we got it home safely.

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

JUNE 9, 1943, Wednesday *1,376th day*

North Africa.—Announced that prisoners taken during the Tunisian fighting total 291,000.

Mediterranean.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked Sicilian airfields of Catania and Gerbini. Allied air forces concentrated on Pantelleria.

Russian Front.—Loss of Oranienbaum, 20 m. W. of Leningrad, admitted by Berlin radio.

General.—Vice-Adml. Sir John H. D. Cunningham appointed C.-in-C. the Levant.

JUNE 10, Thursday *1,377th day*

Mediterranean.—Bombing of Pantelleria continued; 37 enemy aircraft destroyed in these and Wednesday night's attacks.

Russian Front.—Over 700 Russian aircraft raided enemy aerodromes, destroying or damaging 150 German aircraft on the ground.

Australasia.—U.S. Fortresses and Liberators dropped nearly 40 tons of bombs on Rabaul, New Britain.

General.—Germany and Italy recognised new Argentine Govt. Moscow announced dissolution of the Comintern.

JUNE 11, Friday *1,378th day*

Air.—200 U.S. Flying Fortresses (unescorted) attacked Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven U-boat bases; 8 bombers missing. At night, R.A.F. heavily attacked Düsseldorf (more than two sq. miles devastated) and Munster; 43 bombers missing.

Mediterranean.—After 13 days' intense bombardment, Italian island of Pantelleria surrendered with 15,000 troops; enemy reports indicated 1,000 aircraft took part in final attack. Lampedusa bombarded from the sea.

Australasia.—Liberators dropped 28 tons of bombs on Kupang, Dutch Timor.

Burma.—R.A.F. attacked Rathedaung, Buthidaung and Jap H.Q. on the Chindwin.

General.—New Argentine Govt. recognised by Britain and U.S.A.

JUNE 12, Saturday *1,379th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombed Bochum (Central Ruhr) in severe night attack.

Mediterranean.—Lampedusa, again bombarded, surrendered. U.S. bombers attacked Sicilian airfields.

Australasia.—25 Jap planes shot down near the Russell Islands by U.S. fighters.

Burma.—U.S. bombers attacked Mandalay by day; the R.A.F. attacked by night. Other objectives bombed by R.A.F. in Arakan.

China.—Chungking announced that Chinese had pierced Jap line on the Yangtse.

Russian Front.—Soviet bombers attacked Gomel, Briansk and Karachev by night.

General.—H.M. the King, accompanied by the Sec. of State for War, Sir James Grigg, and the Sec. of State for Air, Sir A. Sinclair, arrived in N. Africa from England.

Mr. Churchill announced Axis lost 137 ships in the Tunisian campaign, totalling 433,400 tons.

JUNE 13, Sunday *1,380th day*

Air.—U.S. heavy bombers (unescorted) raided Kiel and Bremen; 26 machines lost. Reconnaissance showed fires still burning in Düsseldorf after Friday's attack.

Mediterranean.—Destroyer Nubian accepted surrender of Italian island of Linosa. U.S.A. heavy bombers raided Catania and Gerbini in Sicily.

JUNE 14, Monday *1,381st day*

Air.—R.A.F. raided Oberhausen (Ruhr); 18 bombers lost.

Mediterranean.—Island of Lampione occupied by Allied naval party.

Home Front.—Creation announced of a Tactical Air Force of the R.A.F., based on this country; Air Vice-Marshal J. H. D'Albiac appointed to the command.

General.—H.M. the King reviewed U.S. 5th Army in N. Africa.

JUNE 15, Tuesday *1,382nd day*

Australasia.—Allied aircraft raided Rabaul, New Britain. Beaufighters strafed the Markham Valley, New Guinea.

General.—Turkish-Syrian frontier closed on Syrian side. Reported that the Germans had evacuated the Lofoten Islands.

JUNE 16, Wednesday *1,383rd day*

Air.—Cologne bombed for 115th time.

Mediterranean.—Naples bombed.

Australasia.—Ninety-four Jap aircraft destroyed over Guadalcanal by Americans.

JUNE 17, Thursday *1,384th day*

Mediterranean.—U.S. Liberators pounded Sicilian airfields of Biscari and Comiso; R.A.F. hit Comiso again at night. Naples again bombed.

Burma.—Liberators bombed Lashio.

General.—Turco-Syrian frontier reopened.

JUNE 18, Friday *1,385th day*

Mediterranean.—Bombers from N.W. Africa and Middle East bases continued attacks on Sicily, Sardinia, especially town of Messina. Reported that Naples and Sicilian towns were being evacuated.

General.—Announced Field-Marshal Sir A. O. Wavell to be Viceroy of India (from Oct.) in succession to Lord Linlithgow; Gen. Sir C. J. E. Auchinleck to succeed Wavell as C.-in-C. India; East Asia Command to be set up.

JUNE 19, Saturday *1,386th day*

Air.—R.A.F. heavily bombed Schneider arms works at Le Creusot, S. of Paris; 3 bombers missing.

Pacific.—Announced that Liberators and Catalinas had successfully raided Japheld Nauru Island.

General.—H.M. the King inspected the 8th Army in N. Africa.

JUNE 20, Sunday *1,387th day*

Air.—R.A.F. Lancasters, without loss, smashed Germany's largest radiolocation factory, at Friedrichshafen, after which they flew on to N. Africa.

Sea.—Admiralty announced biggest U-boat offensive took place during 5 days in May; 97 per cent of convoyed ships got through; 2 U-boats sunk for certain, and a number of probables.

Australasia.—22 Jap planes destroyed or crippled in enemy attack on the Darwin area, Australia.

General.—H.M. the King visited Malta; journeyed from N. Africa aboard the cruiser Aurora.

JUNE 21, Monday *1,388th day*

Air.—Krefeld (10 m. W. of the Ruhr) blasted by R.A.F.; 44 bombers missing out of more than 700.

Mediterranean.—U.S. heavy bombers attacked Reggio di Calabria and San Giovanni.

JUNE 22, Tuesday *1,389th day*

Air.—Huls, Antwerp and Rotterdam docks bombed. Concentrated attack on Mulheim by R.A.F.; 35 bombers missing.

General.—H.M. the King returned from Malta to N. Africa.

★ *Flash-backs* ★

1940

June 10. *Announced Allied forces withdrawn from Narvik and King Haakon and Norwegian Govt. were in London.*
French Govt. left Paris for Tours.
Italy declared war against Britain and France.

June 11. *Italians bombed Malta.*

June 14. *Germans entered Paris.*
French Govt. moved to Bordeaux.

June 16. *British offer of Anglo-French union rejected.*

June 17. *Marshal Pétain asked Germany for an armistice.*
Evacuation of B.E.F. from France completed.

June 18. *In a broadcast from London, Gen. de Gaulle appealed to all Frenchmen to fight on.*
Heavy air raids on Britain began.

1941

June 11-12. *R.A.F. raids on the Ruhr, Rhineland and N.W. Germany began.*

June 21. *Damascus (Syria) occupied by the Free French.*

June 22. *Germany invaded Russia.*

1942

June 9. *British and U.S. Air Force units arrived in China.*

June 10. *Prague announced Lidice massacre.*

June 17. *El Adem and Sidi Rezegh (Libya) abandoned by British.*

June 18. *Mr. Churchill arrived in U.S.A.*

June 21. *Rommel captured Tobruk.*

Editor's Postscript

WHAT is the real meaning of this word "prang" that crops up so often in our airmen's accounts of their flying experiences? Recently the subject has been given considerable space in the correspondence columns of The Daily Telegraph; but alas, the explanations are as varied and contradictory as they are numerous. "No one will deny that the engaging expression 'to prang a target' is vivid in the extreme," wrote the initiator of the discussion; "when and how this word came into use in the R.A.F. I do not know, but I hazard a guess that it is derived from the Scots word *pran* or *prann*, meaning to hurt or wound (Gaelic, *pronn*, to pound or mash). Another possible origin, although in my opinion less likely, is from the Norwegian *prange*, meaning to make a parade or great show."

A FEW days later a Flight-Sergeant in the R.A.F. stated that the word first came into use after the Norwegian evacuation, when it was used to describe the effects of a few 500-pounders on the invasion ports and enemy naval bases. "A three-pronged fork or trident pins anything down most effectively," he wrote; "so does a heavy bombing raid. When completed efficiently the pranging is known as a 'wizard prang'." Another correspondent pointed out that in Devonshire "pranging" is one of the oldest known methods of fishing; "to prang is to stab from above, and a prang is a multi-pronged barbed fork attached to a ten-foot pole." Yet another declared that the word was introduced into this country by members of the R.A.F. who have seen service in Malaya, since *perang* is the Malay word for war and *perangi* means to attack. But already it had been stated that "our South African cousins who gave us this word will confirm that 'to prang' is the Zulu for 'to spear.'"

UNFORTUNATELY I have neither a Malay nor a Zulu dictionary on my shelf, so am unable to confirm these etymologies; and the many English dictionaries that lie within reach have not proved to be very helpful. From Skeat I learn, however (under the entry Prong), that in Middle English there was a verb *pranglen*, to constrain, derived from a Teutonic base, prang—to compress, nip, push, pierce. Related words are the Dutch *prangen*, to press, and the German *pranger*, a pillory. But this derivation is not very helpful—though it would be nice to know that, since it is the Germans who are being most effectively pranged, we have chosen a good old German word to describe their ordeal. I am convinced, however, that we are making a mystery out of nothing. Here, I feel sure, is the one and only explanation worthy of acceptance.

I take it from another letter in The Daily Telegraph's correspondence; it is from Group Capt. Patrick King, who writes:

> The first time I heard the word "prang" I asked the pilot officer who used it, "Why prang?" His reply was, "Well, what else could you call it?" In other words, prang is an onomatopoeia derived from the sound of the impact of a metal aircraft with the ground. Its usage in connexion with enemy targets is a natural and obvious extension, but the word was coined as being more expressive than "crash," which was adequate in the days of wooden aircraft. So please may the experts refrain from devising far-fetched explanations for this simple word. We are not experts in either Gaelic or Norwegian in the Royal Air Force; but we retain the knack of coining the right word without thinking how we do it. Prang is a worthy successor to joy-stick and all the other flying slang of long ago.

MR. BERT THOMAS, best remembered of the caricaturists of the last War, is still going strong in this one. The numerous lively and telling posters he has thrown off as propaganda for the home front need no signature, his style is so individual. But in a delightful little portfolio of 16 pp. that has just come to my table from Raphael Tuck (price 1s. 6d.) the signature is essential, as Bert has broken out in a new place with Close-ups Through a Child's Eyes. The coloured portraits of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Roosevelt, "Premier Stalin" and other familiar figures, including "Five Bad Men," are all highly amusing and might well have been drawn by a child with a touch of genius. They are instinct with life and the humour of life and the letterpress, which gives a good imitation of infantile calligraphy, is nearly—but not quite—as funny as the pictures. Stalin and "Eleanor" (Mrs. Roosevelt, if you please!) are masterpieces. Young and old alike will enjoy this little artistic *jeu d'esprit*—if they are able to get a copy.

VICE-ADM. SIR JOHN H. D. CUNNINGHAM, K.C.B., M.V.O., whose appointment as C.-in-C., Levant (with acting rank of Admiral) was announced on June 10, 1943. In command of the 1st Cruiser Squadron at the beginning of the War, he was until recently Fourth Sea Lord of the Admiralty. *Photo, Topical Press*

THERE comes from a reader in Preston a letter which will be of interest to those who live in London. "On reading back the articles in THE WAR ILLUSTRATED on the blitz (he writes), I came across a caption to a photograph which said that London had borrowed 2,000 buses from the Provinces; and I recalled that one day last week, while travelling on a Corporation bus in Preston, I noticed that inside, behind the driver's cab, there was a small brown plaque lettered London 1940-41. This bus must have been one of those which Preston sent to London at that time. It would be interesting to know if this practice is general amongst all the 2,000 buses concerned." On inquiry at the headquarters of London Transport I am informed that 2,000 buses were offered to London in those difficult days, but it was found necessary to accept the loan of only 500. They came from 44 provincial cities and towns, from Inverness to Plymouth, from Manchester (88 came from here) to Southend. All have now been returned, and with each was supplied a plaque such as my correspondent describes. It was a thoughtful little tribute to good friends of London which all good Londoners will be glad to know was paid.

"INVASION" is very much in the air just now. Vast military movements are in progress, and it is but natural that we should feel some curiosity as to the destination of the men in khaki, navy, and Air Force blue whom we see setting out. But we must not express our curiosity in words—unless we are willing to expose our informant to a court-martial for having imparted secret information to an unauthorized person. These courts-martial are held in secret—necessarily so; but here are officially-released details of several that will show how seriously the offence is regarded.

A senior officer, after taking part in a combined operations exercise, went on leave. He asked a friend to dinner, told her that he was going abroad, and that he believed the opening of a Second Front was imminent. He gave dates, and particulars of the forces involved, including the First Army. Details were also given of the equipment issued, which gave some indication of the probable theatre of operations. The lady passed on this information, and it came to the notice of the authorities. Notwithstanding evidence of excellent character and service, the officer was sentenced to be cashiered and imprisoned for a year. In another case a man employed on clerical duties which gave him access to secret information of troop movements, met a stranger in a public house. Drinks were stood, and the stranger asked him about his work. He implied that he was a confidential clerk with important duties, and went on to substantiate this impression by telling the stranger that a named division was going abroad to Egypt and was to be replaced by another division which he also named. For this disclosure of troop movements the man was sentenced to 112 days' imprisonment.

Then there was a man about to go overseas who posted a letter on shore to his wife, giving a code which he would use, so as to enable her to identify the places at which his ship touched. Thus "Brenda" stood for Gibraltar, and "Cissie" for Malta. The man realized that this was wrong since he added, "Whatever you do you must tell no one; you might become a widow if you do." For this and for sending other information he was sentenced to 6 months' imprisonment. In yet another case an officer, whose work concerned equipment for operations abroad, discussed with a friend the destination of a relative on embarkation leave. This relative was a doctor, and expert in tropical diseases. The officer said to his friend that this pointed towards an African operation and that this fitted in with the work on which he was engaged, mentioning a certain class of equipment. The officer was severely reprimanded.

Each of these stories is true; each conveys the one, all-important moral: In wartime we all must belong to the Silent Service.

FORMING the second volume of their Britain at War series, Messrs. Hutchinson have just published Major E. W. Sheppard's The Army (from January 1941 to March 1942). Priced at a guinea, it is a well-produced and lavishly-illustrated volume — there are 490 photographs, etc., and a number of maps. As for the text, Major Sheppard has done justice to a great theme

Sailors of the Netherlands Navy in Action

HOLLAND FIGHTS ON. Aboard a Royal Netherlands Naval torpedo-boat, this A.A. gunner and officer spotter are fully prepared for enemy attack. Their small but fast vessel of 325 tons, brought to this country by its crew in 1940, performs important night patrols off our coasts. The torpedo-boat's armament includes 2-in. guns.

Photo, Topical Press

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